

Phoenix
1910

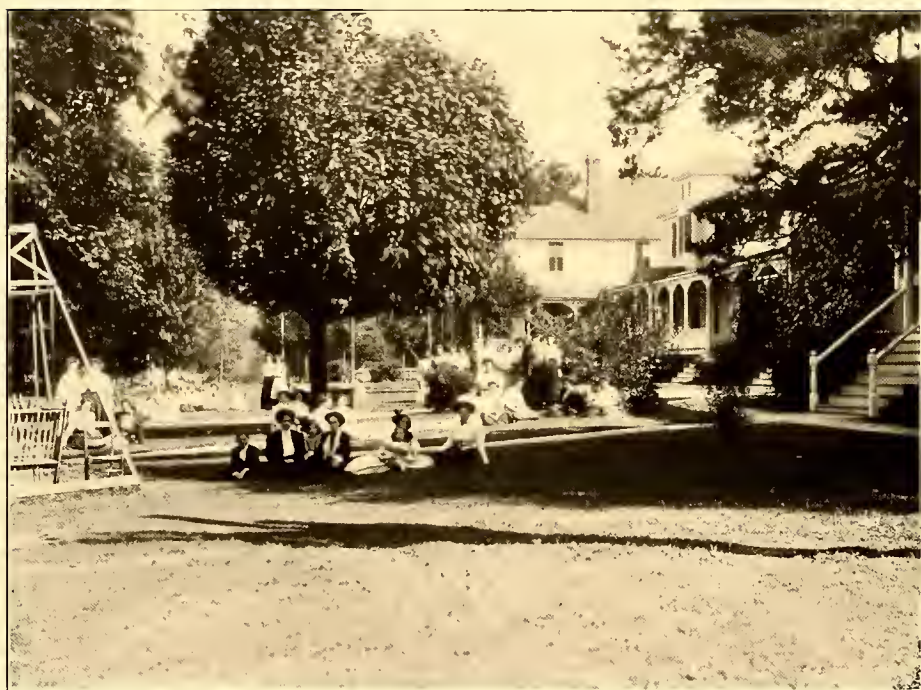
Ms. P. 4. 1. 1. 1.

Mr. J. F. Ham
Oct 5th 1881

Edith Howell Wheeler Collection
(Mrs. Claude C. Wheeler)

Miss Sarah Weston
1847

Edith Howell Wheeler Collection
(Mrs. Claude C. Wheeler)



The Phoenix

A RECORD OF THE YEAR
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

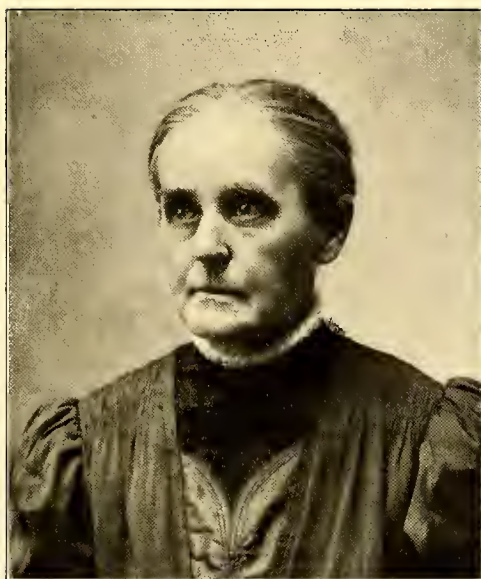
OXFORD SEMINARY
OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA



VOLUME ONE 1909-1910

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS

TO MRS. M. A. LACY
OUR MUCH-LOVED TEACHER
WE DEDICATE THIS
OUR RECORD
OUR HEARTS WERE DEDICATED
TO HER LONG AGO





Board of Editors

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	RUTH WHARTON
<i>Business Manager</i>	MARY LEE LYLES
<i>Business Manager</i>	MAMIE ROYSTER
<i>Social Editor</i>	LOUISE PEED
<i>Associate Editor</i>	RUBY FAGGE
<i>Art Editor</i>	JOHN BASS
<i>Faculty Editor</i>	MISS ALICE RUBY BUXTON

INTRODUCTION

¶ Stimulated by our President's constant reminder to make our Annual "elegant and highly literary in tone," and to "steer clear of the 'hole' which too often overwhelms the editors of such books," we have labored faithfully to present to those interested a true record of our four years of College life. It is to keep alive the memories of this life that we have published this book, hoping that many years from now, when those memories are not so clear and vivid as they at present are, we may once again read of the old, old days in this our record and, if our hearts should have grown forgetful, renew our deep attachment to every custom and tradition connected with our *Alma Mater*.

¶ It is only in the last year of a girl's college life that this attachment is fully appreciated, and we hope this deeper feeling may not seem entirely hidden by the light treatment of our interests and actions. For though graduation day is usually considered a college girl's happiest moment, it also brings with it pain at parting from each other and from faithful instructors. In parting we would thank these for their interest and encouragement. We desire to thank also Miss Edith Taylor and Miss E. Katherine Wright for valued contributions. And to Misses Verna Mae Whichard, Myrtle Shamburger, Virginia Jeffress, Lucy Rowe, and Ethel Godfrey, who, with their typewriters, rendered such valuable aid, we also offer our sincerest thanks.



A FACULTY GROUP

The Class of 1910

Colors—Green and White

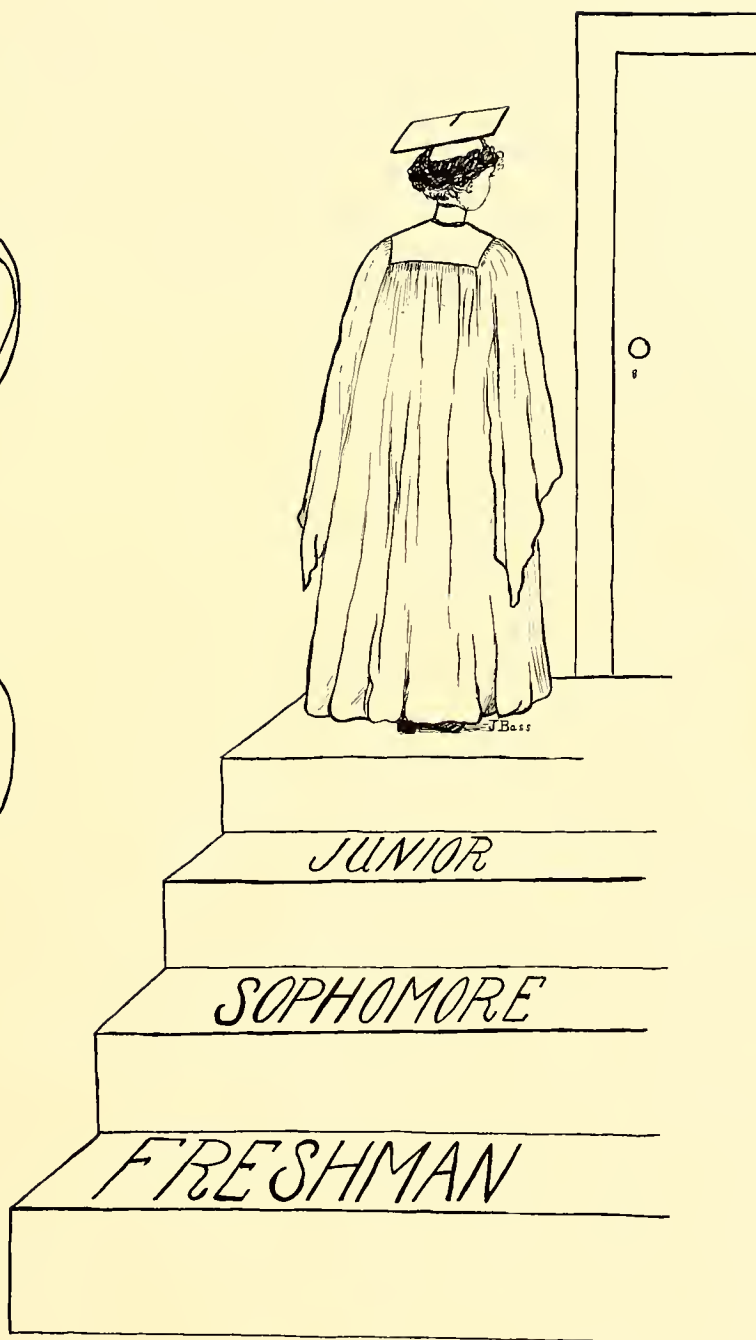
Flower—Lily of the Valley

Motto—Nihil nisi optimum

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	KENT HODNETT
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUBY FAGGE
<i>Secretary</i>	MAMIE ROYSTER
<i>Treasurer and Historian</i>	LYDIA YATES
<i>Prophet</i>	RUTH WHARTON

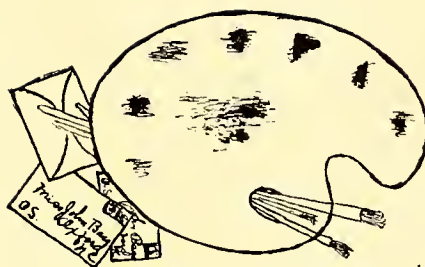
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OUR HONORARY MEMBER

MISS HALLIE E. TAURMAN

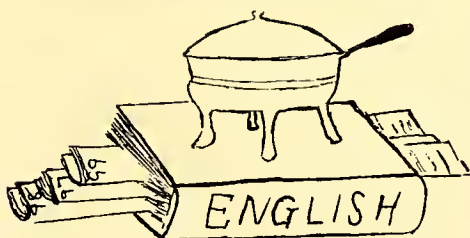
**THE LADY WE LOVE AND
THE FRIEND WE TRUST**



LILLIAN JOHN BASS, B.L.

"I can do with my pencil what I know, what I see, what at the bottom of my heart I wish for."

Entered Class Sophomore Year, 1905
 Corresponding Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '06-'07
 Art Editor PHOENIX '06-'07
 Chairman of Poster Committee '09-'10
 Art Editor PHOENIX '09-'10
 Corresponding Secretary of Calliopean Society
 '09-'10
 President of Art Class '09-'10



RUBY FAGGE, B.A.

"Came but to triumph and depart."

Entered Class Junior Year-----
 Vice-President Junior Class '08-'09
 Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. '08-'09
 Vice-President Athletic Association '08-'09
 Secretary Y. W. C. A. '09-'10
 President Calliopean Society '09-'10
 Associate Editor PHOENIX '09-'10
 Member Senior Basket-Ball Team

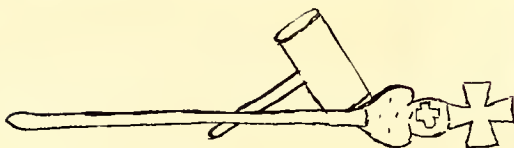




LUCY LAMBETH GREEN, B.A.

*"Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilights, too, her dusky hair."*

Entered Class Freshman Year
Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association
'09-'10
Treasurer of Calliopean Society '09-'10
Captain Basket-Ball Team, "Reds," '09
Vice-President Senior Class
Corresponding Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '09-'10
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team

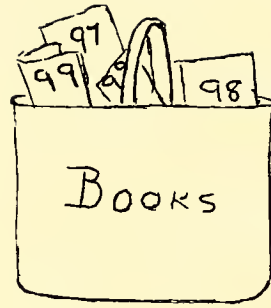


KENT HODNETT, B.A.

"Is she not more than painting can express?"

Entered Class Freshman Year
President of Sophomore Class
Chairman Religious Committee Y. W. C. A. '08-'09
President Senior Class
Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association
'09-'10
Vice-President of Calliopean Society '09-'10
President of Y. W. C. A. '09-'10 and
Social and Religious Committee Y. W. C. A.
'06-'07

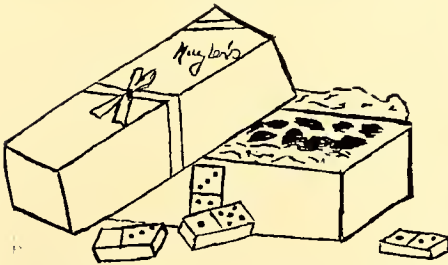




RUBY PULLIAM, B.L.

*"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet"*

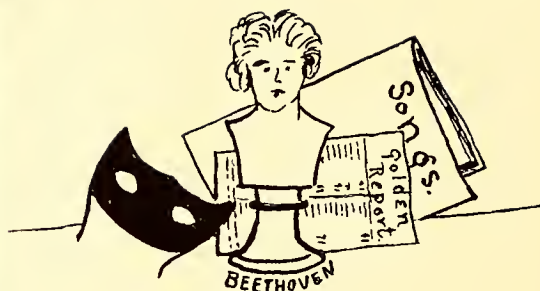
Entered Class Freshman Year
Treasurer of Freshman Class
Chairman of Devotional Committee of Y. W. C.
A. '09-'10
Treasurer of Calliopean Society '09-'10
Member of Senior Basket-Ball Team



MYRTLE RENN, B.A.

*"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise"*
Entered Class Junior Year for B.A. Degree





MAMIE ROYSTER, B.A.

"The applause! The delight! The wonder of our stage!"

Entered Class Freshman Year for B.A. Degree
 Vice-President of Athletic Association '06-'07
 Vice-President of Sophomore Class
 President of Junior Class
 Secretary of Senior Class
 Business Manager of PHOENIX '09-'10

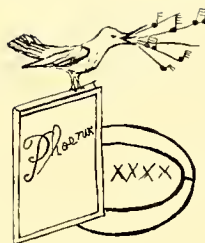


SALLIE MAE SNIDER, B.A.

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill"*

Entered Class Junior Year for B.A. Degree
 On Nominating Committee of Y. W. C. A. '09-'10
 Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '09-'10





RUTH WHARTON, B.L.

*"She with all the charm of woman,
She with all the breadth of man"*

Entered Class Junior Year
 Treasurer of Junior Class
 Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. '07-'08
 Treasurer of Uranian Society '07-'08
 President of Athletic Association '07-'08
 Captain of Basket-Ball Team, "Reds," '07-'08
 Secretary and Treasurer of Sophomore Music
 Class '07-'08
 Treasurer of Uranian Society '09-'10
 President of Athletic Association '09-'10
 On Music Committee Y. W. C. A. '09-'10
 Captain Senior Basket-Ball Team
 Editor-in-Chief of PHOENIX '09-'10
 Senior Class Prophet

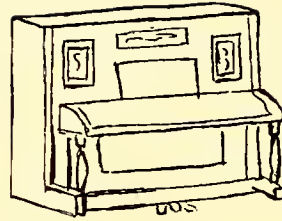


LYDIA YATES, B.L.

"So sweet a face, such angel grace"

Entered Class Junior Year
 Secretary Y. W. C. A. '06-'07
 Vice-President of Uranian Society '09-'10
 Treasurer of Senior Class
 Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. '09-'10
 Class Historian

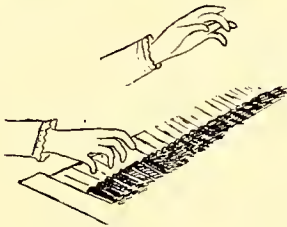




MARY LEE LYLES, B.M.

"Her very foot has music in it as she comes up the stairs"

Entered Class Sophomore Year for B.M. Degree
Secretary Y. W. C. A. '06-'07
Chairman Music and Intercollegiate Committees
of Y. W. C. A. '08-'09
Secretary of Uranian Society '08-'09
President of Uranian Society '09-'10
Member Senior Basket-Ball Team
Business Manager of PHOENIX



MARY LOUISE PEED, B.M.

*"Oh! could you view the melody of every grace
And music of her face"*

Entered Freshman Class for B.M. Degree
Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A. '08-'09
On Music and Social Committees of Y. W. C. A.
'08-'10

Secretary of Calliopean Society '09-'10
Social Editor of PHOENIX '09-'10



The Chronicles of the Class of 1910

IT came to pass in those days that Professor Franklin Hobgood established a Seminary wherein the daughters of the land might learn of all knowledge and wisdom. And he made a decree, saying, "Hear, O people! The kingdom of the Oxfordites is a land flourishing with the sciences, both Trivium and Quadrivium, and the people that dwell therein are very learned. Ye daughters of the earth, drink at the fountain of truth!"

Now it happened that there had dwelt in that land for many years Mamie Royster, the grand-daughter of the king, and she was of the Freshman tribe. And it came to pass that after the king had made the decree there came others, Kent Hodnett, Mary Louise Peed, Lucy Lambeth Green, John Bass and Lydia Yates. Howbeit, John joined the tribe of Sophomores, and Lydia the tribe of Juniors. The Freshmen were a peaceful tribe and scarce were seen or heard, for the king and chief rulers had commanded them to keep all the commandments which they had commanded them. They must obey the rulers at all times; they must not borrow garments or ornaments or anything from their neighbors; they must not laugh aloud; they must not look at men; for if they did they would surely receive demerits.

But in the second year of their sojourn they waxed more bold. In that year came Ruby Pulliam, Mary Lee Lyles and Ruth Wharton. Now Ruby joined the tribe of Freshmen, Mary Lee the tribe of Sophomores, but Ruth would join only the tribe of Juniors. Nevertheless, Mamie showed to all the people that the tribe of Sophomores was worthy, inasmuch as she made 100 on Latin examination. And many other valiant deeds did the Sophomores do.

When the worthy pilgrims had become Juniors great was their fame. Other damsels — Ruby Fagge, Sallie Mae Snider and Myrtle Renn — heard and came to see. And when they came they found the half had not been told them. Therefore they began work to do honor to themselves and to the tribe. Moreover, Ruby Pulliam did such wonderful things that the chief rulers did marvel, and the king did write her father concerning her noble deeds. Then it came to the minds of the Juniors to try their prowess in other ways. On the twenty and second day of the second month they put on the robes of people of former times, yea, even of the time of the Father of the Country, and came before all the people and mocked their ways insomuch that all were amazed and cried, "What manner of maidens are these that bring before our very eyes another generation!"

Notwithstanding the great deeds of the Juniors, these Oxfordites became restless in their territory and longed for new lands to conquer. So they came to the border-land of the Seniors. Now, the Senior tribe is the most powerful and most honored in all the land, so the Captain, Mamie Royster, sent Lucy Green (because she was trustworthy) to spy out the land of the Senior, saying, "See thou whether the land be productive or barren, and the people therein

be strong or weak, and the cities be walled or no." And Lucy returned from the search and said, "The land surely floweth with milk and honey and is good to look upon, but in it there be many strongholds and many giants; nevertheless we are able to overcome all these things." And all the Oxfordites cried, "Let us go up and possess the land." So, on the first day of the ninth month, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, they banded together—twelve strong—as one man and chose Kent Hodnett as captain and marched against the enemy, to put them to confusion.

Now when the tribe saw that the land was their's, they determined to have a great feast to commemorate their victory. So, on the fifteenth day of the tenth month they sent word to all the chief rulers of the Seminary, saying: "Whereas, we have gained this fair land we have purposed to have a night of feasting to celebrate our victory." And all the chief rulers came robed in fine garments, and both the rulers and the Seniors drank and were merry until the night was far spent.

Then the Seniors gave themselves up to their tasks. Louise Peed and Mary Lee Lyles did sit day after day at the musical instruments and did bring forth from them such sounds that it seemed as distant thunder; then softer and sweeter they grew until all the people were filled with rapture. Moreover, Ruth Wharton and Mamie Royster did lift up their voices in song and it seemed to the other Oxfordites as if they did hear angels' voices. John Bass, also, did a wonderful thing in that she portrayed images, and moreover did imitate nature so well that one almost thought himself walking among the fair scenes which she did draw.

The Seniors proved themselves in other ways, also. It had come to their ears that the tribe of Freshmen were making preparation for war; nevertheless the Seniors had no fear. Now, when the great feast day of Thanksgiving had come, the Freshmen marched to the valley of the athletic field and drew up their forces. The Seniors also marched to meet them and there the two mightiest armies of the land strove together in the sight of all the tribes of the land and of the neighboring peoples not a few. Howbeit, victory fell to the tribe of the Seniors. Then the Seniors shouted for joy.

But the Freshmen cried with a loud voice "because they wanted their Ma—mas." And it came to pass that in this battle the soul of the Seniors was knit with the soul of the Sophomores because they were loyal.

Now there were walled strongholds in the land, to-wit: English, Science, Latin, Mathematics, and many others that must needs be entered, and against these the tribe fell with great force. Before the English citadel could be overcome many difficult passports must be written, and these put the tribe to their wit's end, for if they knew nothing, they must learn something and write. The Science fortress was with difficulty attacked; and before the Mathematics stronghold the loyal workers quailed, but at length the walls began to totter and then they fell. Thus with the others, one after the other. But in each of these high towers was a

monster terrible to behold; he was strong and fierce; out of his mouth proceeded a flame and he went about seeking whom he might bind with his strong chain and devour. But the Seniors were strong and although some were wounded, they succeeded in putting under their feet this hideous monster whose name was Examination.

Now it came to pass in those days that the Seniors determined further to show their valor. On the fourth day of the third month, when the grass was green and the earth was bringing forth flowers, they gathered up bugles and swords and armor and again came before all the people to subjugate that illustrious Princess who had established an institute for maidens and had fenced it around with biting laws. Again the people marvelled at the deeds of the Seniors.

And there are also many other things that the Seniors did which are not told here, for are they not all written in the great black record book? We are confident, however, that no trial or responsibility can daunt the spirit of the tribe of Seniors, and their power and might shall increase more and more until the fame thereof shall fill the whole land.

HISTORIAN



A Wireless from Mars

TIDINGS AT LAST FROM LOST SENIORS OF 1910

[I publish the following strange account which was received by wireless from Mars just in time to appear in this volume of the PHŒNIX. It will in some measure justify the Class of 1910 in the eyes of the world, as it explains why that Class, though five years have passed since their graduation, have not accomplished the wonderful things they intended — things which were so confidently expected of them by every one. The account is of great scientific interest, also, and even by this one letter the world is much indebted to the Class of 1910. I print it exactly as received by wireless.

March 1, 1910.

EDITOR PHŒNIX.]

DROFXO STATION, MARS, *February 1, 1915*

GREETINGS TO THE PHŒNIX :

At the request of my old classmates I write the story of my strange experiences during the past few years.

After graduating at Oxford Seminary in the year 1910, I retired to my summer home to rest, broken in health by my senior work at college. Here rumor reached me of how the world was breathlessly awaiting the solving of all its great problems, expecting that now, since the class of 1910 had graduated and gone out to wider fields of labor, all the wheels of the universe would soon be running smoothly. Later news reached me of the unbounded disappointment of every one because of the fact that things were much as they had been, and that practically all the highly gifted class had vanished from view. I myself was puzzled, for I had not heard from any of them for some time. The last news of them had been a letter from Louise Peed, and in this she urged me to join all the other seniors in a class gathering to be held at her home. All had promised to be there, even our honorary member, Miss Taurman. Unfortunately, I had not regained my health and strength from my strenuous senior labors, and so was forced to remain away from this gathering. I never heard how the party turned out, for letters to my classmates were returned to me unopened. Then I learned of the intense excitement of the world at the sudden disappearance of the whole class, leaving no trace behind them. At once a world-wide search was begun, and the suspense and interest of all the world was aroused to such an extent that all business was paralyzed and men left their labors to propound theories explaining the strange disappearance, or to join in the search for the lost ones. This condition of things continued for a whole year.

Then one day I met a person, grief-stricken as I, at the disappearance of the class of 1910. This person was a very tall, heavily-built young minister, bearing the stamp of a Wake Forest student. He informed me in quite a matter-of-fact way that he was going as a missionary to Mars! When I had somewhat recovered my breath from so startling an assertion, he told me of his plans. He

had worked out a theory opposed to gravitation, which he called "levitation." This "levitation" would enable one possessing the secret to travel anywhere through space. Assured by experiment of the success of his theory he had determined to go to Mars and attempt the Christianization of its inhabitants.

Fascinated by the prospects of so new and strange a journey, I decided to try this new sensation, which promised an excitement and interest that the world did not hold for me without my classmates. On the appointed day I met this grief-stricken young man again. From a small bundle which he carried he produced two pairs of sandals, made of the finest wrought wire, which seemed ever to throb and pulsate with an upward movement.

He placed one pair of these strange shoes on my feet and after fastening the other on his own he produced two small vials, each containing one drop of a liquid very bright and glittering. He handed me one of these vials of magic fluid, and motioning me to drink, raised the other to his own lips. Immediately consciousness fled.

I awoke in a beautiful country. Everything around me was in exquisite condition. Each blade of grass seemed to have been carefully dusted; all the imperfect leaves had been plucked from the trees; the rocks were all covered with corresponding shades of cretonne and well supplied with luxurious pillows, while here and there was a rock holding burdens of the most beautiful of cut flowers. Scattered about on the cushioned rocks were magazines and books, and I also noticed several pieces of embroidery lying about. The whole presented a view so charming and inviting that I was in the act of sinking satisfied into an unusually inviting cushioned nook when I espied a sleeping figure lying in the shade of a large, perfectly-kept tree. With the aid of my companion I finally succeeded in arousing him. It was then that I recognized a face, well known in the old Seminary days — that of "Drowsy." With him as a guide we started on a tour of investigation, finding everything in the same perfect order that we had noticed at first.

We had gone only a short distance when someone rose out of a luxuriously-cushioned corner in a near-by rock. Intensely surprised, I recognized my old PHOENIX "accomplice," John Bass, who carried in one hand a sketch book and pencil. But, though showing some surprise at seeing us, she stopped not to question how or why we were there, but immediately hurled this question at us: "Oh! did you pass through Gastonia on your way up?" After our answering her that no "glaring head-lights" had been seen on our journey, she was finally persuaded to answer our surprised question as to what she was doing in Mars. She first informed us that all the other seniors of 1910 were on that same planet! My clerical companion made an involuntary movement forward here, but soon recovering himself, listened eagerly to what John was telling. The hostess at the last gathering of the class had provided as a special treat a ride in an aeroplane owned and managed by the sleepy one, our guide. The aeroplane had become unmanageable and threatened them all with death, but had finally been wrecked on a planet, which they found out to be Mars. The people in Mars had welcomed them

cordially, and recognizing their superior worth had given them important offices of various kinds.

Our conversation was now interrupted by a loud noise, the strangest I had ever heard, which seemed to come from behind a neighboring rock. As we moved at once toward the place the first objects that attracted my eye were the two familiar figures of my old classmates, Ruby Pulliam and Lucy Green. They were engaged in the same occupation that in the old school days they were so famous for—laughing. But in front of these two mirthful '10 seniors was the strangest group of people that could possibly be imagined, for each face seemed to be more melancholy than the last one looked at. The corners of each mouth extended at least one inch downward, and such a doleful atmosphere pervaded the scene in spite of the laughing of my schoolmates that we were on the point of turning away when once more the unusual noise was heard, and we now became aware of the source. It came from the throats of those beings in front of us and it now dawned on me that Lucy and Ruby were trying to teach those melancholy ones how to laugh! That they did not know how to laugh, one glance at the doleful visages, so distorted in their efforts to imitate their instructors, would have told. That one glance was sufficient, and determining to speak to the two laughing seniors after their lesson was over, we left the scene.

Walking on for some distance among the trees and cushioned rocks, we were startled suddenly by hearing one note of the most exquisite music, deep and soft. Advancing still a little farther I beheld another of my friends, this time one of our music graduates, Mary Lee Lyles. She was seated at a golden harp so large that the upper end could not be seen, but seemed to reach to infinity. She now raised her arm and struck a string on this wonderful instrument, and another such musical sound as that we had first heard vibrated on the air, and in its fulness, its melodious tenderness, we recognized it—"The Music of the Spheres." We now made ourselves known to the player and questioned her as to how she was connected with that glorious music. She replied that she had been commissioned by the Princess, as her life-long duty, to keep in tune the Music of the Spheres. She had a helper in this, and the two notes had been a call to this helper. Even now we saw his tall, slender form striding toward us, and instantly I recognized another seminary attache. His duty was to strike the higher strings of the wonderful harp, which were entirely out of the reach of our musical classmate. For this duty he was well fitted by his unusual height. As we turned away we left them engaged in their usual task, so congenial to both musicians.

Following our guide for a short distance, we now found ourselves near a small, rocky cliff which, when we had surmounted it, opened up a beautiful view below. But our guide drew our attention from the scene and pointed to a spot directly beneath the cliff. There I saw two figures moving busily about two large chafing-dishes. I soon recognized in the figures two more 1910 Seniors, Myrtle Renn and Kent Hodnett. From the odor which rose to my nostrils I knew at once that they were engaged in their favorite school-day occupation, candy-making. I made my way down and greeted them. They informed me then that they were official candy-makers for the colony. It seemed that our former Senior

President's ability in official affairs had been made use of, and she was now the First Lady High Director of the Lofty Art of candy-making, while Myrtle was her assistant. The latter specialized on chocolates. Their wares were very famous all over the planet, and they had thus been commissioned by the Princess to give pleasure and enjoyment to all.

As we continued our conversation with them, all at once the air was filled with a noise resembling a tremendous sigh, or the rushing of the wind through the pine-tops. Listening more closely I fancied the sound took the form of a long Thru - ee - a. Advancing in the direction whence the sound came, I beheld our honorary member, Miss Taurman, standing before one of the melancholy Martians. The native was at this moment bending far over with his arms swinging loosely from his shoulders. Having once studied voice under that same instructor, some remembrance of a movement like this given to induce complete relaxation came to me, and I concluded that our honorary member was endeavoring to teach this creature the art of singing. This conclusion was now verified by seeing the pupil straighten and then give forth a second Thru - ee - a—much resembling the voice of a small hurricane. Turning away, I reflected on the difficulties to be overcome before such a voice could be subdued and become musical. But then the thought came to me that if there were any possibilities in such a voice, our honorary member would surely find them, and without a doubt make it full and melodious.

As we continued our way among the well-tended plants and flowers which filled the air with fragrance, our guide informed us that we were near the place where the chaplain held her services. And in a very few minutes we came upon her, mounted on a single square rock and speaking in a low gentle voice to a large crowd of Martians seated about her. The quiet tones were familiar to me and at once I recognized in the chaplain none other than Lydia Yates. My guide turned to me here and told me that by earnest talk and sincere manner, and by good example, she had persuaded many of the inhabitants to lead a better life and was in a fair way to Christianize the whole planet. Turning back to my companion of the strange journey from the Earth to Mars, I found that he had disappeared; but on looking once more towards the chaplain I beheld him hastening toward her, all eagerness. Wishing not to spy on their meeting, I turned to my guide, thinking that surely now with two such workers the planet would be Christianized.

We had advanced only a few yards from the scene when I beheld, seated beneath a large tree and closely surrounded on all sides with papers and manuscripts and other writing material, another familiar figure absorbed in writing, and soon recognized Ruby Fagge. She hardly stopped her writing to greet me, and then once again applied herself diligently to her work. Wishing to know of what she was writing so eagerly I glanced at the heading of the manuscript and much to my surprise found that it was entitled, "Buxton's Art of History Teaching." Near by, piled high, were many other manuscripts, all in the handwrit-

ing of my schoolmate. Glancing over them I found that one bore the title, "Bob's School Days at Oxford Seminary." My eyes then fell on a few loose sheets containing essays, the first one entitled, "As English Literature Should be Taught to Seniors." Having a desire to know her idea on that subject I glanced over it and found such statements as this: "All written work should be omitted entirely from the senior work in English;" "No parallel work should be given, as requiring time better spent on the lesson." Another statement which struck me as the most forcible of all was, "Pancoast's text-book should be discarded as being insufficient for the needs of the class, and the lecture method resorted to entirely." Mentally determining to aid my classmate in distributing this valuable essay among the colleges and seminaries, I glanced on down the page and noticed a lengthy sonnet entitled, "On the Beam In Mine Own Eye."

My guide here interrupted my enjoyment of these interesting manuscripts and promised that he would show me a pleasant picture. He then led the way to a natural enclosure formed of solid rock. Seated upon a central, much-becushioned rock I beheld the sentimental one of the class of 1910, Louise Peed. Seated around her was the female population, it seemed, of the whole planet, with eyes all fixed on her's, and faces all having an eager look as if hearing something of immense interest. And when I managed to catch the meaning of her words I was not surprised at the eager looks of her hearers, for she was telling them love stories! Then I looked to my guide for explanation. He told me with earnestness that these people of Mars did not love; that all the thrills and happy ecstasies which he himself felt, they knew nothing of. So Louise had been commissioned by the Princess to teach these unemotional creatures what she herself felt so keenly, and attempt to arouse in them that which would add much to their happiness. He was a voluntary helper of this young teacher. He now left me to join her in her efforts.

At a loss where to go without my guide I wandered aimlessly on. My steps led me near a huge rock, and when I passed around to the opposite side whom should I meet face to face but the trusty senior, Sallie Mae Snider? She greeted me cordially and then informed me that I was the one for whom she was searching. The Princess had learned that the last of the 1910 Seniors had arrived on the planet, and had immediately sent her in search of me. But who was the Princess, I asked, remembering that I had heard the title mentioned several times before. She would lead me to her at once, and as we walked on she told me that as soon as the party had been wrecked on the planet the Martians, recognizing their superior worth, had given them all the high offices of the government. Those of my other classmates I had seen; hers was of next importance to that of the Princess, for she had the superintending of the whole planet in her charge. She daily instructed the inhabitants of Mars in the art of housekeeping. She it was who attended to the carrying out of the Princess' orders. Her duty was also to see that the country was kept in perfect order, and that all imperfect products of nature, and blemishes of all kinds, should be removed. And well had she succeeded, I thought, remembering the perfect condition of that part of the planet through which I had just passed. My classmate then told me how,

instead of choosing a king or a queen for the head of the colony, they had chosen a Princess, and had given this position—but here we came in sight of the Princess herself. She was seated on a throne of purest white rock, while behind her, with long spears, stood two huge Martians. As she rose to greet me I saw that in her dignity and commanding appearance she must prove a worthy ruler, and as I drew nearer I recognized her—Mamie Royster.

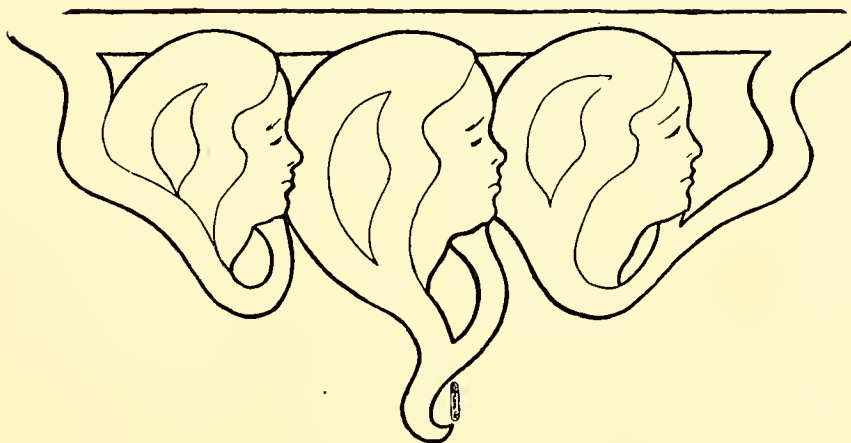
Some years have passed since that day of strange happenings, and I find myself very happy in this beautiful planet of Mars.

After much preparation I have finally begun the publication of a newspaper for the colony, and this message to the PHŒNIX is the exact reproduction of my history, printed by request of the Princess, in the first issue of *The Marsenior Chronicle*.

Wishing you great success in your publication of the 1915 PHŒNIX, I am,

Truly yours,

RUTH WHARTON.



Junior Class

Colors — Yellow and White

Flower — Daisy

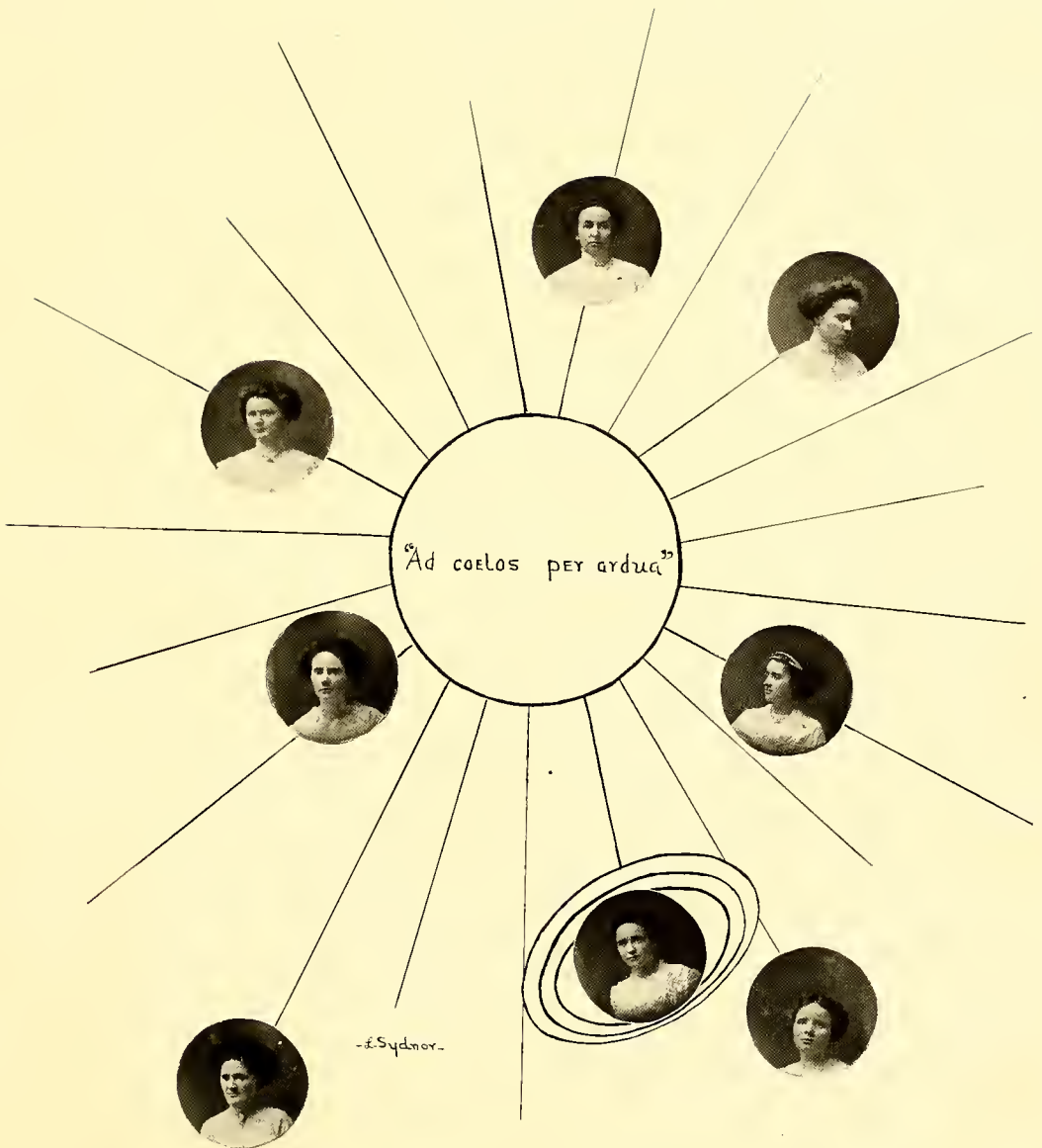
Motto — Ad caelos per ardua

Class Officers

President Lottie Newton
Vice-President Eunice T. Watson
Secretary Pearl Ray
Treasurer Lela Hadley
Historian Fannie Wortham
Class Editor Willia Clifton
Class Art Editor Lucy Sydnor

Class Roll

Willia Clifton	Lucy Sydnor
Nora Dixon	Pearl Ray
Lela Hadley	Eunice Watson
Lottie Newton	Fannie Wortham



History of the Class of 1911

AS we near the fourth stage in our ascent to knowledge, we pause a moment and cast a backward glance upon the beginning of our career. No cloud of remorse o'ershadows us as we linger,—but we leave it to others to say how brilliant this career has been. And we shall not attempt to foretell the future; we deem our duty done when the past is revealed. Nor must the deeds told in this sketch be considered the whole of our past, for we shall present only such facts as will guide you to a knowledge of our destiny.

Our history begins three years ago when we were called, one by one, into the Seminary Library to be classed. As each girl passed from the presence of the august faculty there was no need for an inquiry as to the results of the interview. The trembling hands, pale features, and unsteady steps all bespoke—"Freshman."

Realizing the truth of the statement, "In union there is strength," we sought relief from our feeble condition in class organization. We were fourteen in number, and being such a body we felt equal to any task which should confront us. Marshalled into the terrors of Freshmandom, we set our minds to defy them. We bravely endured the taunts and jeers of those who, on account of a more thorough familiarity with Seminary affairs, considered themselves our superiors. In defiance of such circumstances we labored heroically and won for ourselves a reputation. One of these dejected Freshmen, indeed, has the distinction of passing over the Sophomore year and is now wearing laurels in the Senior class. Three others of the number survived

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"

which every Freshman must endure, and with steady tread and Spartan courage passed over the border-line between the Freshmen and the Sophomores.

At the dawn of this Sophomore year these three conquerors were inspired to greater achievements by the addition of ten co-workers who had never borne the name of Freshmen and its accompanying epithets. Knowing our number to be considered unlucky our every effort was at once directed toward proving it otherwise.

And the thirteen did prove lucky! While we did not make records as theatrical or social stars, we did make distinction for our good class work. There were several of our number who led classes. On the athletic field we were active. The Y. W. C. A. recognized our ability and appointed one of our number to report for it at the Territorial Council, held in Raleigh, in March. At Commencement, too, we had no cause for regret, for both literary societies selected their chief marshals from our class.

Our faces were now turned eagerly toward the third stage in our journey to the heights. This we reached in September last. When seven determined faces appeared on the scene in response to the call for Junior class organization

we felt that we should have a successful year. Seven is considered a perfect number, and if there is any faith in adages we had room for encouragement. Looking back to our Freshman record we recalled how our "Little Pearl" had been a bright "Ray" to light our pathway to our Junior year, and we felt that she would still brighten our way through the paths of darkness and despair.

In the meantime our class was increased to eight by the advent of Nora Dixon. It will not be amiss to say right here that Nora is a bird of passage, for she tarries with us only a short while, but if she will ever condescend to remain in the Seminary a year we are sure that sometime we will see her graduate with high honors.

We determined that always our aspirations should tend, "*Ad caelos per ardua.*" Realizing our lofty station as Juniors, and remembering that high deeds in school life are stronger when linked with social diversion, we decided to enter into social intercourse with the Seniors, and we ourselves took the initiative. Dainty invitations were prepared by Lucy Sydnor and Willia Clifton and sent to the Seniors, and one Friday evening we met and spent a most pleasant time together. Our companionship with them has been most charming and beneficial, and as they are about to leave us for their wide, new fields of duty, our heartiest good wishes attend them.

Our next appearance was on the stage. Here, in spite of the fears of the faculty and the obstacles which beset our way, we came off victorious. "*Tommy's Wife*," with all the arts of the Broadway Dramatic School, captured the hearts of the audience as truly as she did that of the struggling young portrait painter. We felt that the play was a success, for even Mr. Hobgood said, "They did get through all right."

In the Y. W. C. A. our class was again honored by having one of its members as a representative of the Association at the Students Council in Richmond.

We have entered heartily into every phase of school life which we thought just and proper for the school girl of the twentieth century. And now that we have passed over three-fourths of our journey we feel that we are a body strong enough to explore Seniorsdom.

Lottie, our President, is an illustration of the phrase, *omnibus paribus*. There is little in General History that she does not know, and as for Latin,—well, nothing that Horace or Tacitus ever wrote troubles her. Indeed, it is hard to say where her talent lies, for she goes through every class so well that even the teachers are astonished. We have Pearl, whom you might mistake for a French woman, so well does she speak that language; and Eunice, who, on account of her dignity, is generally mistaken by the new girls and by visitors for a member of the faculty. Then we have Lucy, our artist, whom the Seniors felt compelled to call upon to assist in making sketches for the Annual; and Willia, who has the gift of poetry; Nora, who has succumbed to Mrs. Twitty's tender entreaties and is observing the "Princess tone;" and Lela, who is a close second to Naomi Booe in Geometry.

Surely with such gifts our band of eight can meet and conquer the difficulties which we are to encounter in our Senior year. From that time forward we leave our fate to higher power, for

"There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

HISTORIAN



L. Brassfield

SOPHOMORE

Flower — Black-eyed Susan

Colors — Old Gold and Black

Motto — We conquer step by step.

Class Officers

<i>President</i>	Elizabeth Hancock
<i>Vice-President</i>	Margaret Rogers
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	Cassie Kelly
<i>Class Editor</i>	Cora Ferebee
<i>Class Art Editor</i>	Lucy Brassfield
<i>Prophet</i>	Margaret Rogers

Class Roll

Sarah Blanchard	Elizabeth Hancock
Naomi Booe	Cassie Kelly
Lucy Brassfield	Gertrude Knott
Amanda Cobb	Addie Brabble Norman
Cora Ferebee	Margaret Rogers
Patty Fleetwood	



Prophecy of the Sophomore Class

WH Y should I have been given the task of looking into the future of my classmates,— I who have never been gifted with the art of reading palms? Ah! 'tis sad to think of being commissioned to play with the fate of those so dear. The sight of my desk and the various reference books maddened me, and casting all aside save my note-book and pencil I went to wander idly through the shadowy foot-paths of the newly budding woods of spring.

I rambled deeper into the heart of the woods, thinking naught of where my feet should lead me, but only of the eleven — the large eleven of the "Sophs," and racking my brain to think of what should become of each.

Tired and disheartened I at length sat down under a towering pine, which had at first glance a curious fascination for me; none seemed so stately in this forest, and there was none whose lofty branches gave such sweet sympathy as its sighing.

There I sat and wrote and re-wrote, for no prophecy seemed real. At last I thought of old Elizabeth, our President. She — O, it is not hard to tell of her future, for by weighing her love at the present date with her days of single life I easily saw her course at the Seminary left quite unfinished.

Enveloped in my deep musings I was suddenly awakened by a great crash of thunder that burst overhead. No other refuge in sight I ran breathlessly under the only shelter I saw, a large rock projecting from the side of a near-by precipice, under which was an enclosure formed by nature's entangled mass of vines.

Owing to the sudden darkness into which I had come, my uncertain steps caused me to stumble unceremoniously into what I discovered to be a real cave, and I found myself face to face with a creature who thoroughly justified my life-long fancies of a witch.

She had the traditional hook-nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums, the sight of which sent a thrill of horror through my veins. I turned to rush madly back into the storm, but was prevented by a shrill croak of the grewsome old woman's voice that bade me stay, and the sudden grasp of my arm with her long fingers that sent a chill to my bones. She pulled me relentlessly into her squalid room, which observation showed to be a stuffy, beggary place.

She waited a moment, which seemed the space of hours, before she demanded the cause of my unceremonious entrance into her den. Between sighs and smothered sobs I told her of my unwonted task, of my musing in the woods, of the sudden outburst of the howling winds split by the lightning and urged to greater glee by the deafening applause of thunder.

The shriveled old hag sat aside and motioned me to precede her further into the hovel. With a low bow she bestowed a toothless grin upon me and said, "Explain more fully to me your task, and tell me what it is you wish to know."

"My task, good woman, is to write a prophecy,—a prophecy of the Sophomores of 1910. 'Tis this prophecy I wish to know," was my frightened answer.

"And should I be able to aid ye,"—she croaked, "what would you bestow upon me to give you a glimpse into the future of those, your classmates, ere the storm has passed?"

There was something in the earnest tones of the old hag's voice that made me forget all save my sister classmates and what might be portrayed to me of their lives, in this uncanny place.

"Oh! gracious woman, gladly will I give you all I carry with me—take all I possess, but bestow upon me before I leave you knowledge of the future of those I seek."

Grasping the jewels I held out to her, her bony fingers twitched over and about the trinkets like writhing serpents' tails, and motioning to me she smiled as amiably as it was possible for her to smile, and led me to the remotest corner of her den where, stepping before a large empty pot that stood before a rickety stove, she began to wave her hands in a most mysterious manner over it. I drew back, watching with wild eyes, yet with the greatest curiosity.

A droning song oozed from her thin lips; the gesticulations grew into weirdness and fervor. Then, before my startled eyes, a thin film of smoke began to rise from the empty pot. It grew in volume and there, in the midst of the densest part of it, stood Elizabeth. Yes; I plainly recognized her clear-cut features, but how changed she was; how different from what I had pictured her in the woods as a happy young bride! What seemed to be the difference? Plainly I saw, for as she sat on a lovely bridge over a great marshy land, around which buzzed candle-flies, mosquitoes and "nats" by the score, I saw in her hand a cage, which she clutched with a death's grip, in which was enclosed a soured old "Poll" that seemed to be begging for freedom. Around her and in her lap were many cats, some purring and others asleep, while by her side lay a large St. Bernard that seemed to have been her only guard through life.

Even more quickly than the smoke began, it disappeared, drawn by some supernatural agency into the stove. I had only time to blink my eyes before the witch began anew to wave her hands over the pot, mumbling the same weird song, when a second volume of smoke arose, and in its midst I saw a lovely maiden walking slowly towards a great stone edifice whose peaks and towers gloomed gray in the distance. But as she neared the stone structure, plainly could be seen the great sign above the strong gates, "Let no woman enter who wishes to go back into the world's unsympathizing paths, or who wishes ever to speak again save by sign." Then I recognized poor Patty, watched her read the above sign with a serene smile and vanish into the world of nuns with her forefinger pressed tightly across her lips.

Again the smoke vanished, and again it rose in a greater volume than ever, for this time I recognized two figures standing on opposite sides of what appeared to be a class-room in some great foreign university, one of them none other than our bright star and favorite in English, Sara Blanchard. She seemed to

be holding the attention of a great class of intelligent students by her English lectures and readings from a book held as caressingly as though it were a valuable gem. I strained my eyes to make out the title but could distinguish nothing but "Buxton" printed in large letters on the back. I guessed the rest. Dear Sara had followed in the path of her beloved teacher.

And the other figure? Why, who could she be, and in the same university with Sara? The more I looked the more I wondered and the more closely I studied that profile that seemed so familiar, yet so changed. She pointed with a rod to a large geometrical figure drawn upon the board under which was written: "The world is square, Q. E. D." This I made out but with all my effort I could read no more. Could this be "Boo?" She who so frightened you, but was such a ray of light on a dark day when it came to Geometry? Yes; it was no other than Naomi,—nay, call her not Naomi—but Victoria, for 'tis she who has triumphed over ignorance and set at naught the world of geographers and mathematicians.

The next volume of smoke showed me Gertrude, poor child. She was an inmate in "The House of the Weary," lying exhausted in a hammock made from "Rushes" tied securely in "Knots;" there she reclined reading Mary J. Holmes' novels.

Again the smoke rose, but only for the space of a moment, showing a young girl kneeling at the shrine of a fair-haired woman, a follower of her all through life. Who else could it be but Cassie, the lover of all fair-headed women that had ever come within her range of schooldays! Thus, all through life she is to follow some woman of her heart.

With the next outburst of smoke I held my breath, for that which I saw frightened me. Why not, when I recognized a near neighbor climbing down a ladder from her window with great speed into the darkness beyond. My first thought was that Chapel Hall was burning, but the moon peeped around the corner of Music Hall and showed the expression on the old girl's face to be neither fearful nor alarmed but perfectly happy. What could that mean! One more glance told me that it was nothing more than "Mandy and her Man" getting ready to start life's rugged road together.

Still another volume of smoke revealed to me Lucy, but in such unusual surroundings I scarcely recognized her. By the turbans and flowing gowns of those around I soon understood that she had crossed the great water to become a famous artist. Thousands watched her standing majestically in a hall of art before one of her paintings of infinite beauty.

With the next issue of smoke I was perplexed to see its shape. 'Twas that of a great heart, and strange, it seemed that the smoke should assume this figure. On each side of the heart I saw two bleached faces; deathlike they looked, and if I remember correctly there was an inscription on tombstones above their heads. At once I knew their faces, although greatly changed, to be no other than Pete and Sam, dear "Brabble's" beaux. Although there was the stamp of death upon their pale brows, one could not mistake that "down-cast look" of a married

man. There were yet two more figures to be seen, for in the heart of this great heart stood "Brabble." Years had done little to change her. She was smiling sweetly at none other than my uncle; yes, "Uncle Will," above whose head there floated wedding chimes. Small of stature old "Brabble" is, yet she must possess a heart as great as that of the smoke, for two she has put to rest and now begins anew with a third.

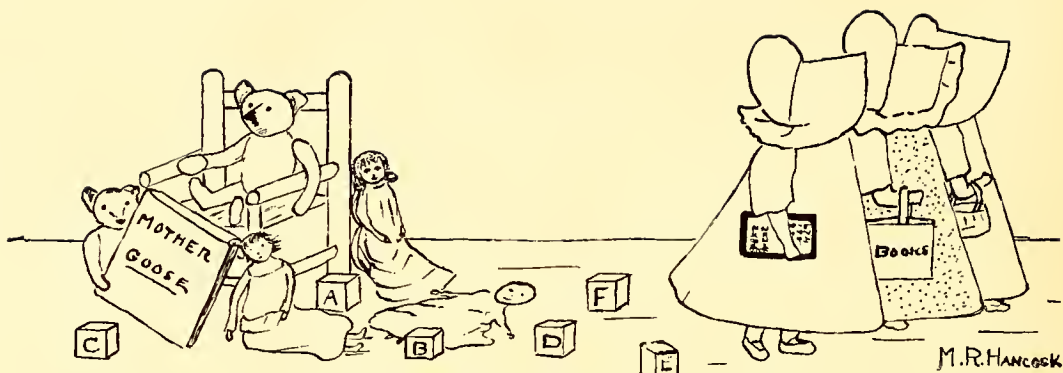
In the next revelation I at once recognized Cora. Whom would we expect to hold an audience in such breathless attention as the gifted musician of our class! As I saw her she was seated before one of Berlin's most cultivated audiences, playing with that ease and grace bestowed only upon the most famous musicians.

At length, with the witch's mysterious wave, the smoke refused to rise. Instead, to my horror, came a low, mysterious sound, full of a weird and gruesome music. The hag stopped the motions of her hands, but still the terrible sound continued to issue from the pot, and slowly the smoke scattered bewitchingly.

I turned to flee, for there was only one prophecy remaining to be revealed, and the bewitched caldron frightened me. The hag bent her piercing eyes upon me, and as she followed me across her hovel, she sternly asserted that she had not the courage to show what might befall the last member of the class. She conducted me trembling to the only entrance of her home. As she pulled the vines aside I stepped into the sweet, moist air of sunset, for with incredible swiftness the storm had passed leaving the sky as clear as a crystal.

My eyes followed the direction of the hag's bony finger which pointed to the top of the glistening pine; bathed in the last rays of the clearly setting sun it stood as a guardian sentinel. And lo! as I turned to bid my mumbling fortune teller adieu she had vanished as swiftly as the storm and left me to the thoughts and fears of the future.

PROPHET



FRESHMEN

Flower — Violet

Colors — Purple and White

Motto — Dread naught

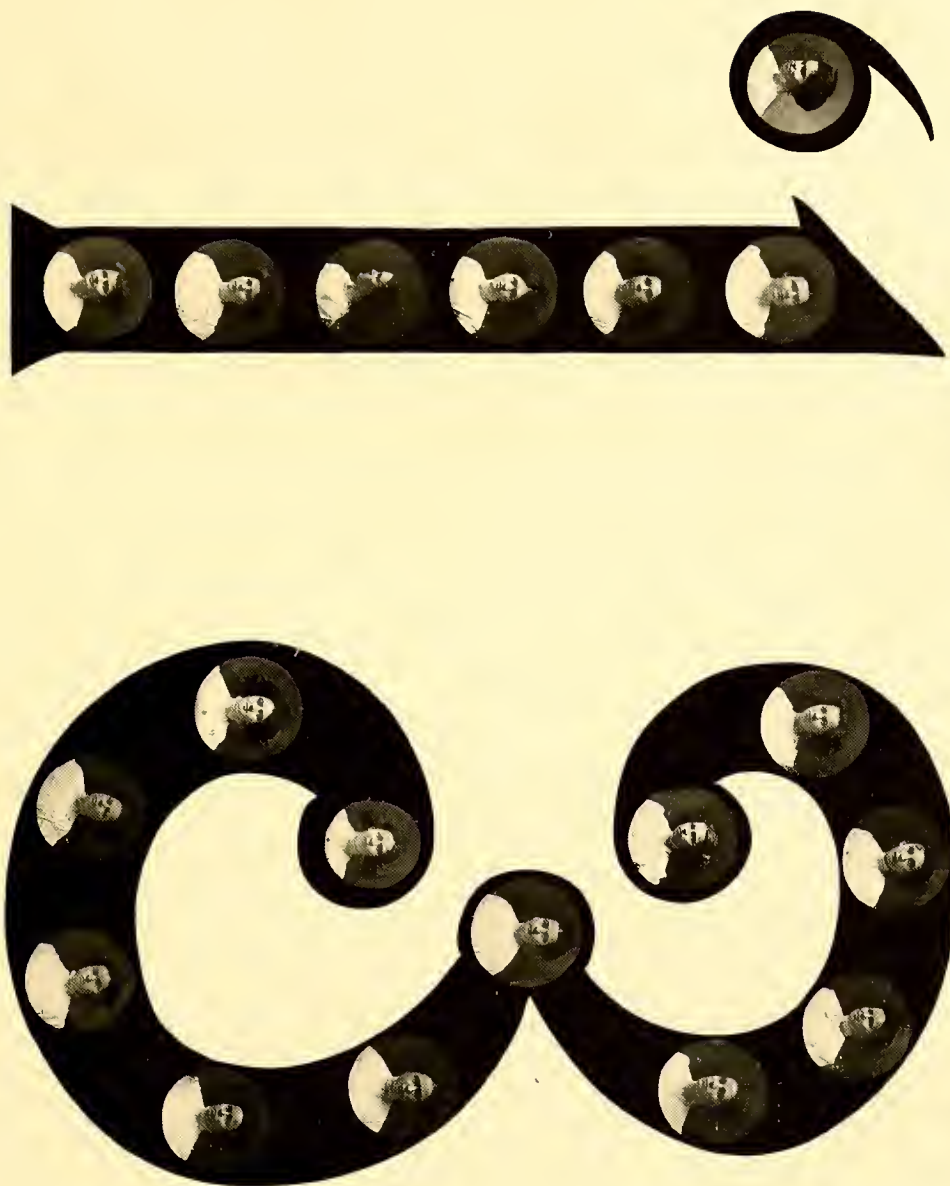
Class Officers

President Osee Long
Vice-President Valleria Greene
Secretary and Treasurer Grace Short
Prophet Carrie Tom Farthing
Class Editor Goldie Farthing

Class Roll

Lois Bass	Marie Medford
Addie Breedlove	Minnie Neal
Martha Parker Brinkley	Lois Perkinson
Goldie Farthing	Carlessie Ranes
Carrie Tom Farthing	Minnie Stevens
Valleria Green	Janie Shotwell
Hallie Gibbs	Grace Short
Lillian Hart	Ruby Strother
Margaret Jones	Mary Taylor
Rassie Jones	Mary Winston
Mae Knott	Sarah White
Florence Loonam	Olive White
Osee Long	Sallie Webb

Annie Long



Prophecy of the Freshman Class

I was not born great, have not achieved greatness, neither has greatness been thrust upon me; yet, to me was given the task to

“Look into the seeds of time and say which will grow and which will not.”

Now I was wholly incapable of writing the prophecy of my class, and the more I thought of it the more troubled and bewildered I became. But one afternoon, resolving to run away from the worry of it, I stole off from my school-mates and went down to a beautiful lake over whose broad surface water-lilies had grown so thickly as to resemble a velvety carpet of green and white. Seeing a small rowboat, liberally supplied with downy cushions, I stepped in and floated slowly out.

I became deeply engrossed in a book, and consequently was very much startled when I was aroused by a low sound. Looking up I beheld a beautiful creature standing in the center of a huge water-lily, dressed in colors so like the flower beneath her that at first I thought my eyes were deceiving me. She advanced toward me and said,

“I am the water-nymph who dwells in this lake and whose mission it is to help those who are in trouble.”

“Oh!” I cried, at once remembering my unwritten prophecy, “then perhaps you can help me. What I wish to know is this: the future of the Freshman Class of 1910.”

“I think I can help you,” replied the nymph, but you must promise not to speak while I am talking.”

Taking from her bodice a tiny spy-glass she gazed earnestly into the depths of the lake as if she saw there the future lying open. I promised, wondering how she was to know the names of the members of our class, and I will now repeat to you, as nearly as I can, what she told me.

“First, there is Osee, your beloved President, whose sweet disposition and winning ways will gain for her many friends during her school life, and though she will not be president of her class in her Sophomore and Junior years, the dawn of Seniordom will find her again at the helm. Her fine scholarship will also be worthy of notice, and when she has finished school I see her, together with one of the Seniors of the class of '10, conducting a boarding school for young ladies. Above the door of the main building is written: ‘Misses Green and Long’s School for Young Ladies.’”

“Valleria, your Vice-President,” she continued, “will stand first in all her classes, graduating with honors, but her future, beyond her school-days, is somewhat dim. Ah! it is growing plainer now: she is sitting in a cozy home, by a large open fire, and beside her sits a light-haired man. Hush! I seem to hear their voices. She is saying, ‘Yes, dear; it does seem a long, long time

since I left the dear old Seminary and came to China with you.' That will give you some idea of her future life," said the nymph.

"Then, there is Goldie, whose sunny smile and witty speech will make every one like her. She, too, will stand well in all her classes, but will not graduate, for she intends answering a 'higher calling'—She will fall in love with a *peer's son*; and in my last vision of her she is robed in shimmering satin, standing before the marriage altar.

"Next I see Margaret Jackson—jolly Margaret—whose capacity for demerits will always be one of the wonders of the Seminary. Wait! the scene is changing. Can it be possible! She, the light-hearted, careless girl is the wife of a preacher, and looks as demure as a Quaker. But every one still wonders why she always smiles whenever 'onions' are mentioned.

"Sallie Webb, who is so mischievous, will have a great many misunderstandings with her teachers, but they will all like her, for no one can remain angry with her long. The remainder of her future comes to view slowly. She is the Directress of a School of Penmanship, wherein the students are allowed to write to the inmates of Military Academies as often as they choose. She is still a collector of sear leaves and guards her specimens very carefully.

"I see that you wish to know something of Grace Short," continued the remarkable little person. "Well, as you know, Grace is very fond of Latin; she will achieve so much success in that line that Mr. Hobgood will engage her to teach Latin in his place, so that he may have more leisure time to look after the girls.

"Minnie Neal will be very popular among both teachers and girls during her whole school-life, and in the future, as it is seen by me, she is standing in a conservatory filled with lovely flowers, which she distributes among the poor. She is very fond of roses, especially the 'Buds', and there is a table in a certain dean's office which is never without them."

Here the nymph paused as if greatly perplexed, but in a moment her face brightened. "Oh! I see!" she said. "It is Lillian Hart, and the vision is of a large heart, in the center of which is written her motto, 'Go forth,' for she will wish to lead in all her classes. The next scene shows me that she will never marry, but I see a very beautiful picture of an old maid in whose lap lies a large Maltese cat.

Here I became so sympathetic that I exclaimed, "Poor Lillian!"

"Now you have broken the spell," she cried, "and I can tell you no more." So without waiting for me to say anything else or even to thank her, she disappeared.

But I laughed happily to myself, for I was glad to have the futures of so many of the girls disclosed to me.

"And as for myself," I mused when I came in sight of the Seminary, "that will be safe for even me to predict, for I shall be a school-teacher and, like old Ichabod Crane, wander off to teach and never be seen again."

PROPHET



Junior Music Class

Flower — Laurel

Colors — Old Gold and White

Motto — Memorize Bach — and more Bach

Class Roll

Blanche Royall

Mamie Royster

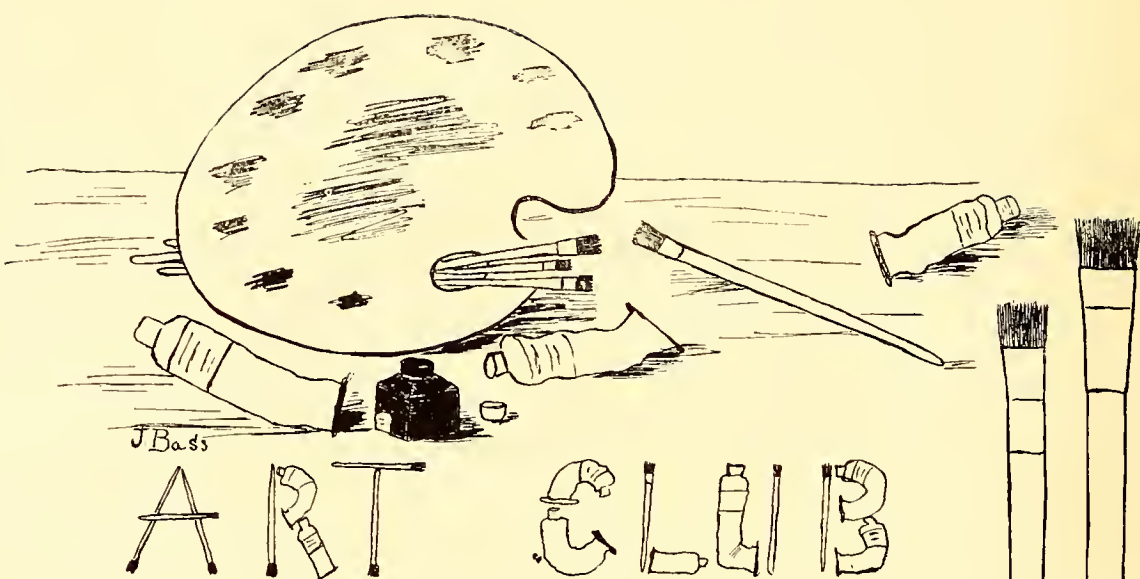
Ruth Wharton

“Seminary Warblers”

Object—

“And tune our merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat.”

Lulu Gray Baker	Evie Leigh Mizzelle
Ila Byrum	Mary Powell
Miss Lettie Green	Mamie Royster
Miss Frances Green	Eula Richardson
Elizabeth Hancock	Bessie Walters
Mary Lee Lyles	Ruth Wharton



Motto — You must look at a picture studiously, earnestly, honestly. It will take years before you come to a full appreciation of art; but when at last you have it, you will be possessed of one of the most ennobling pleasures that the civilized world can offer you.

Flower — Carnation

Instructor MISS TAYLOR

Officers

President Lillian John Bass

Vice-President Lucy Lee Sydnor

Treasurer Lucy Brassfield

Members

Lillian John Bass

Lucy Brassfield

Ruth Conyers

Mary Green

Lizzie Gooch

Mary Royal Hancock

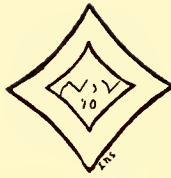
Virgie Pendleton

Enla Richardson

Lucy Lee Sydnor

Addie Wood





Commercial Department

Motto — Laboraie est orare

Flower — Violet

Colors — Purple and Gold

Officers

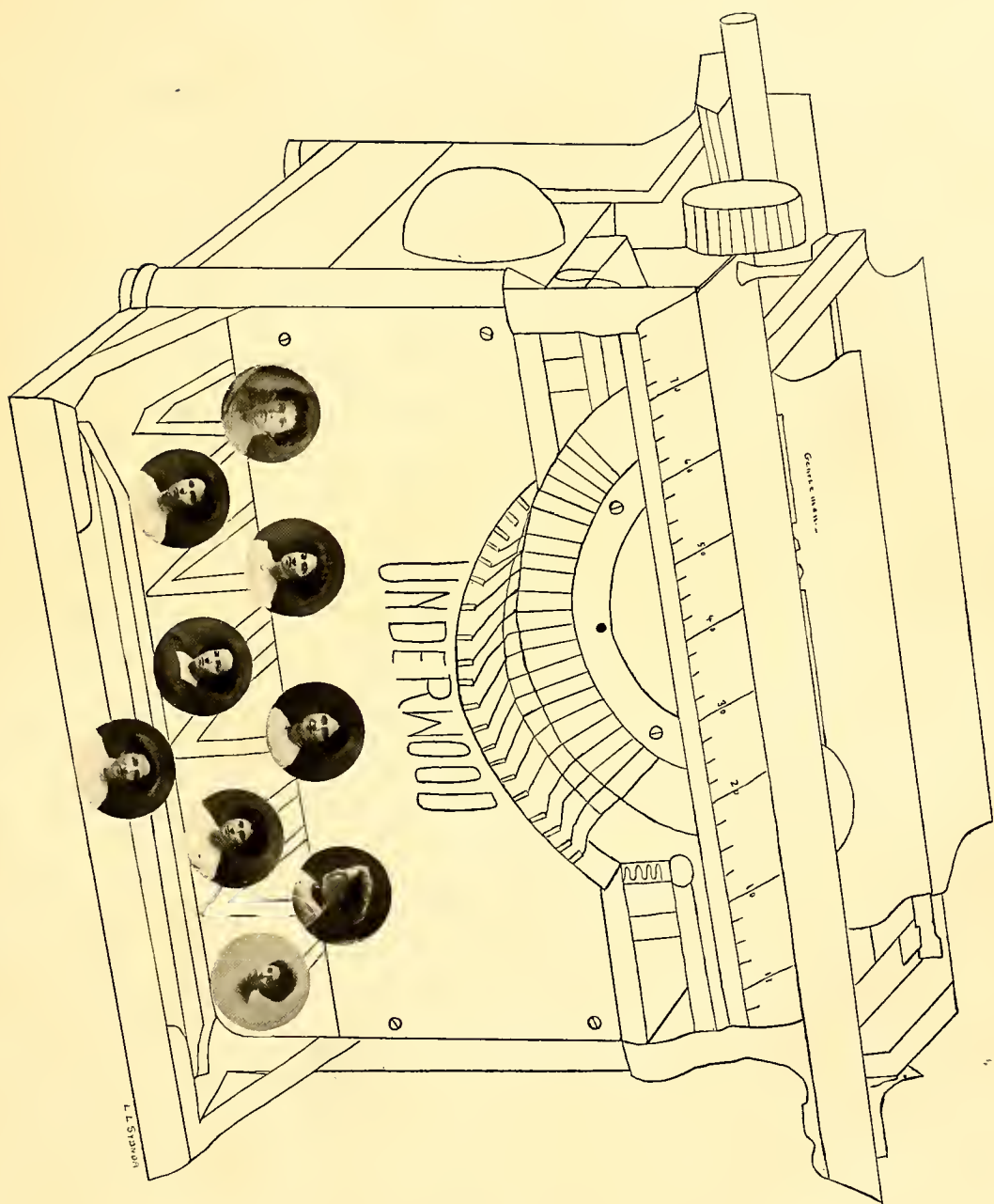
President Myrtle Norman Shamburger
Vice-President Virginia Watson Jeffress
Secretary Ethel Burgess Godfrey
Treasurer Sadie Estelle Wilson

Class Roll

Lucy Verdelle Rowe	Myrtle Norman Shamburger
Ruth Batts Barnes	Sadie Estelle Wilson
Ethel Burgess Godfrey	Virginia Watson Jeffress
Clara Preston Gibson	Harriet Annie Webb

Instructor

MISS VERNA MAE WHICHARD





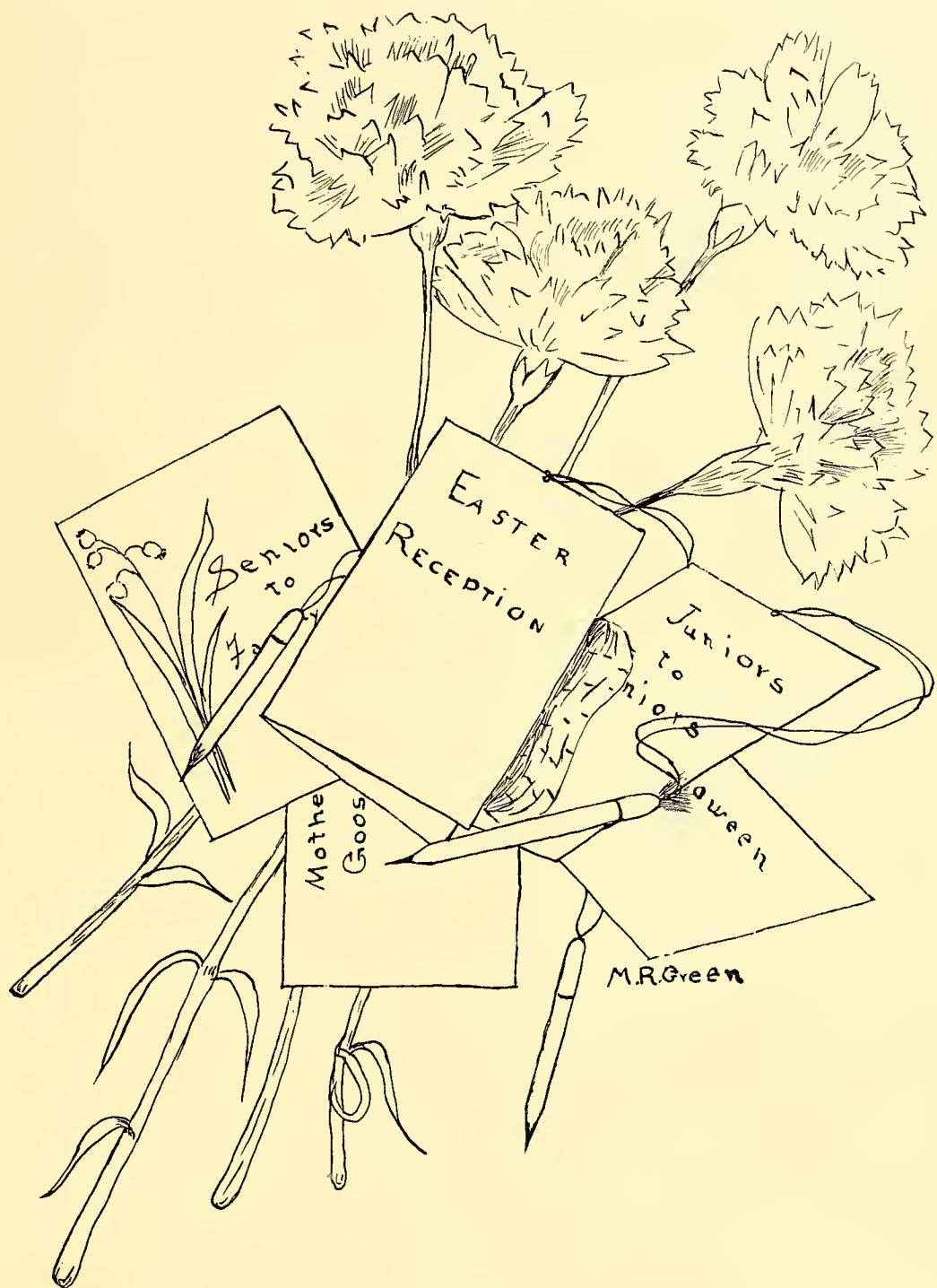
Young Women's Christian Association

Cabinet — Fall 1909

<i>President</i>	Kent Hodnett
<i>Vice-President</i>	Lydia Yates
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Ruby Fagge
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Lucy Green
<i>Treasurer</i>	Sallie May Snider

Cabinet, Spring 1910

<i>President</i>	Eunice Watson
<i>Vice-President</i>	Pearl Ray
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Lottie Newton
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Cora Ferebee
<i>Treasurer</i>	Nora Dixon



"One morning so early,
My Dearie,
I chanced into Fairy lands,
And caught Lady Goldenrod dancing
And joyously clapping her hands;
And she sent you a message,
My Dearie,
She whispered in merry glee
She would welcome the O. S. Seniors
To the jolly Juniors' Tea."

The guests who so gladly responded to this invitation were greeted in the front parlor, where they were served delightful hot chocolate and wafers.

A geographical contest followed.

The first prize, a box of candy decorated with the head of Lady Goldenrod, was awarded Miss Ruby Pulliam. Miss Sallie Mae Snider won the consolation prize, a bottle doll, dressed in yellow crepe-paper.

The folding doors were then thrown open and the Seniors were ushered into the back parlor. This room was beautifully decorated in goldenrod, and the color scheme of yellow and white was artistically carried out. Here refreshments were daintily served, the place cards being hand-painted in goldenrod and Lady Goldenrod heads.

At a late hour the guests took their leave, declaring this a time long to be remembered, and expressing their great indebtedness to the Juniors.

Senior Banquet

One of the most elaborate social affairs ever given at the Seminary was a banquet given the Faculty by the Class of 1910. The parlor had been made very attractive by numerous cozy-corners and sofa pillows. In this room ferns were the decorations. The young ladies had decided to reverse the usual order of things on this occasion; so when the guests had assembled they gave their teachers a rigid examination in the form of a word contest. Prof. Hobgood, having made the highest average, was awarded the first prize, while to Miss Frances Green went the consolation.

The Class President then led the way to the library, which had been marvelously transformed into a banqueting hall. Here the color scheme, green and white, was carried out in every detail. From the one long table in the center green and white ribbons were festooned to the corners of the room. Lilies and potted plants filled every space, and in the center of the table a tall vase of lilies was reflected in the handsome mirror. Candles in green paper roses shed a mellow light over all. The menu cards were decorated with sprays of lily-of-the-valley, the class flower. Refreshments consisted of three courses, a salad course, ices, coffee and nuts. The Class President gave a toast to "Our Faculty," and Prof. Hobgood to "The Class of 1910."

Easter Reception

The annual Easter reception was given at the Seminary by the Calliopean and Uranian Literary Societies, April 15, 1910. At the front door the guests were greeted by Prof. Hobgood and shown into the front parlor, where the Senior Class received. Mrs. Twitty then led the way to the library, and there the Juniors welcomed the visitors.

The entire building was brilliantly lighted and beautifully decorated. In the front parlor the Senior Class colors, green and white, predominated. In the library and chapel potted plants and cut flowers were in profusion. Fruit punch was served under an artistic bower of flowers in the chapel.

The color scheme in the back parlor, which had been converted into a dining-room, was red. The table was decorated in red ribbon and lighted by candles in red rose cups. Here a delicious salad course and ices were served.

The happy hours took wings, as it were, and all too soon the chapel bell tolled out "good-night." The men reluctantly took their departure, and the young ladies sadly trooped upstairs to return once more to the monotonous round of school life. All pronounced this to be the most delightful reception ever given at the Seminary.

A Reception to State W. M. U.

On the afternoon of March 24th a reception was tendered by President Hobgood to the delegates to the annual meeting of the North Carolina Woman's Missionary Union. Professor and Mrs. Hobgood and the Faculty met the guests at the entrance to the Chapel, and the presence, as delegates, of so many former students of the Seminary, added much to the happiness of the greetings. A delightful recital was given in the Chapel by Miss Taurman, Miss Frances Green, Miss Ruth Wharton, Miss Mary Lee Lyles, with Miss Lacy as accompanist. Later, the delegates were shown over the buildings by ushers chosen from the different classes, and finally escorted to the dining-hall, where punch was served by the Senior Class.

Headlines From "Seminary Social News"

O. S. SENIORS GIVE JUNIORS A PEANUT PARTY
PROGRESSIVE PEANUTS ENGAGED IN—JUNIORS TRY
THEIR HANDS AT PEANUT ANIMALS

LAWN PARTY
MEMBERS OF THE Y. W. C. A. ENTERTAIN NEW GIRLS—
OLD-FASHIONED GAMES CHIEF FEATURE
OF THE AFTERNOON

MISSSES NEWTON AND WATSON
CHARMING HOSTESSES TO JUNIOR CLASS—DAISIES
SETTLE THESE YOUNG LADIES' FATES

MISSSES LUCY SYDNOR AND LELA HADLEY
AT HOME TO JUNIORS

FACULTY OF OXFORD MEET MOTHER GOOSE
WITH MISSSES PAGE, WHICHARD AND FRANCES GREEN
—THEY RETURN AGAIN TO DAYS OF
MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

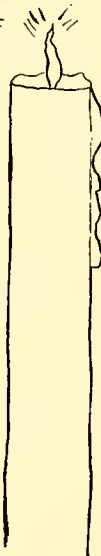
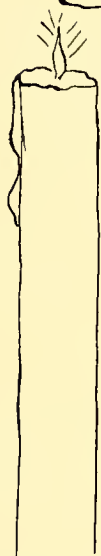
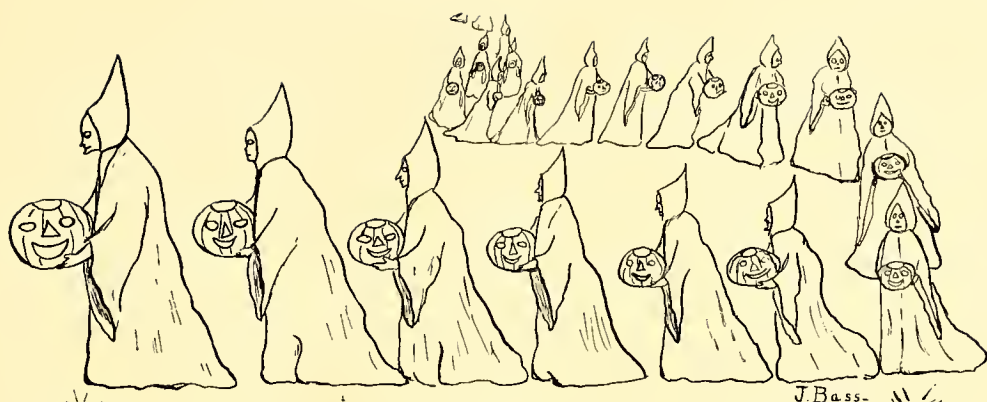
ANNUAL EASTER RECEPTION
GIVEN FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910

SENIORS ENTERTAIN FACULTY
LIBRARY TRANSFORMED INTO BANQUETING HALL
WHERE FEAST WAS SPREAD

MOCK MARRIAGE AT THE SEMINARY
THE BRIDE A MUSICAL STUDENT OF ABILITY—THE
GROOM PROMINENT IN SOCIAL CIRCLES; ALSO IN
THE BUSINESS WORLD, HAVING RECENTLY BECOME
THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE "PHŒNIX"

THE YOUNG LADIES OF OXFORD SEMINARY
ENGAGE IN A HEART HUNT
CUPID DELIVERS LOVE TOKENS ON THE FOURTEENTH
OF FEBRUARY, 1910

JUNIORS ENTERTAIN SENIORS AT A
CHARMING TEA



A Hallowe'en Visitation

On the evening of October thirty-first, just as the bell rang for supper, a procession of sheeted figures was seen winding its way down the long veranda leading to the dining-hall. Slowly filing into the room each ghost marched to a seat as though it were a customary thing to do. The room, now converted into a veritable haunt of ghosts, was dark save for the ghastly light shed by Jack-o-lanterns.

For some time not a ghost spoke a word, even to recall the days when it lived on earth and was an inmate of this old Seminary. Just when all was most still, however, up spoke one, saying:

"I am the ghost of one whom Miss Wright killed with Geometry."

Then, one by one, others told how they had met their untimely death. Some fell by the hand of Miss Buxton and her English; others by Prof. Hobgood's Latin, and yet others had gone to their reward by continual drumming on the old pianos. We learned that each teacher had his share in the misfortunes of these visitors.

Strange to say, these spirits on returning to earth had acquired human appetites, and every ghost did its part in partaking of the feast spread for them. Fruits of all kinds were piled high on the tables, and a real Hallowe'en supper was set before them. When the meal was ended Prof. Hobgood summed up all his courage and bravely led these spooks through town to view once more their old haunts.

At the hour of twelve each one had to bid farewell to this world and return to unknown lands for another year.



Euranian Society

OFFICERS — FALL TERM

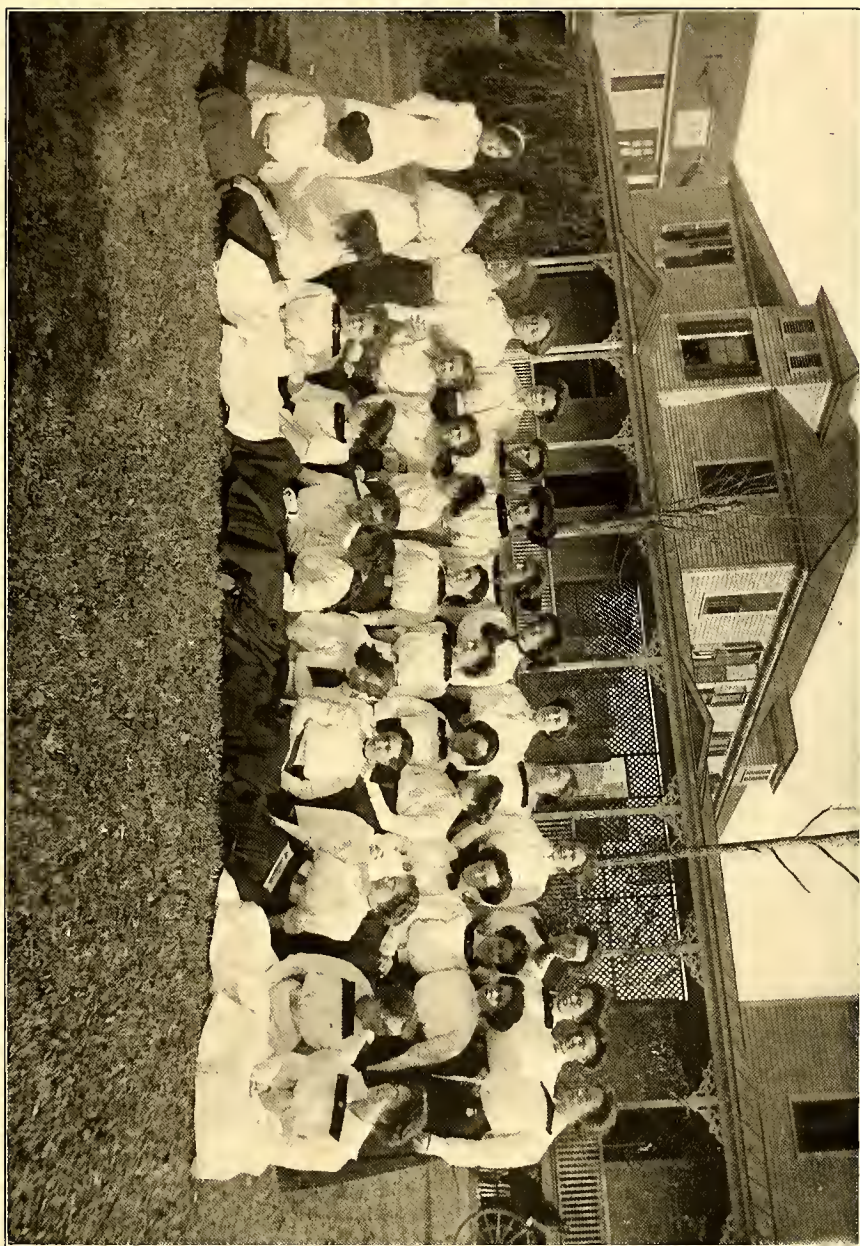
<i>President</i>	Mary Lee Lyles
<i>Vice-President</i>	Lydia Yates
<i>Secretary</i>	Pearl Ray
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Wharton

OFFICERS — SPRING TERM

<i>President</i>	Mary Lee Lyles
<i>Vice-President</i>	Lydia Yates
<i>Secretary</i>	Pearl Ray
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruth Wharton

Roll

Sarah Blanchard	Mary Lee Lyles
Lucy Brassfield	Osee Long
Addie Breedlove	Annie Long
Sula Broughton	Zeula Mitchell
Amanda Brown	Evie Leigh Mizzelle
Mary Brummit	Minnie Neal
Fallie Bryan	Lottie Newton
Annie Bryan	Addie Norman
Miss Buxton	Miss Norma Page
Ila Byrum	Christine Pool
Miss Carbut	Mary Powell
Mary Lee Clay	Lillian Powell
Willia Clifton	Grace Ransom
Ruth Conyers	Carlessie Ranes
Mary Ella Dean	Pearl Ray
Goldie Farthing	Mary Richardson
Carrie Tom Farthing	Eula Richardson
Mary Fonvielle	Margaret Rogers
Lizzie Gill	Mamie Royster
Miss Lettie Green	Sallie Mae Snider
Valleria Green	Minnie Stevens
Bessie Green	Ruth Strickland
Pearl Hunter	Ruby Strother
Foy Hester	Bessie Walters
Virginia Jeffress	Eunice Watson
Gertrude Knott	Ruth Wharton
Maude Williams	Mary Winston
Estelle Wilson	Miss Wright
Lydia Yates	





Calliopean Society

OFFICERS — FALL TERM

<i>President</i>	Ruby Fagge
<i>Vice-President</i>	Kent Hodnett
<i>Secretary</i>	Louise Peed
<i>Treasurer</i>	Lucy Green

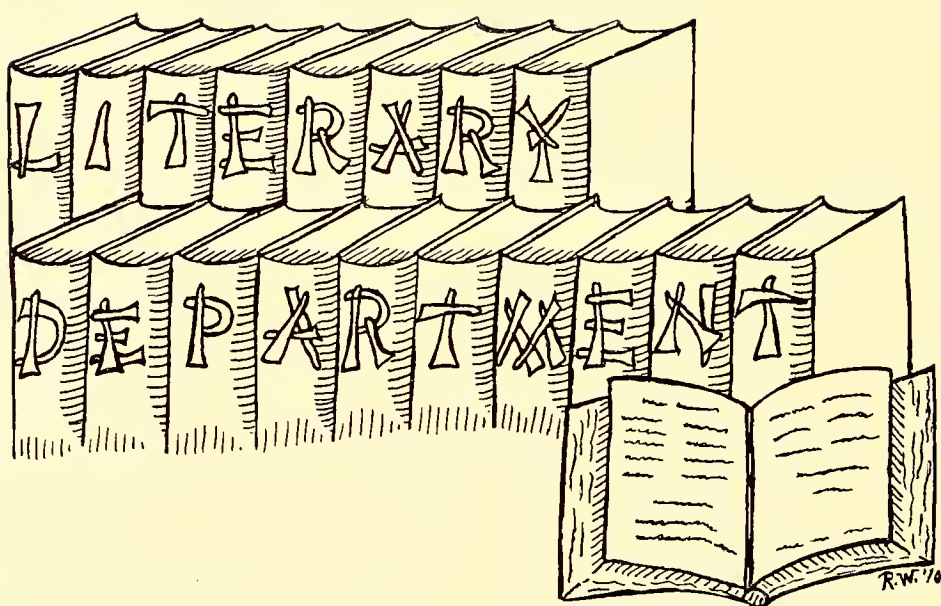
OFFICERS — SPRING TERM

<i>President</i>	Ruby Fagge
<i>Vice-President</i>	Kent Hodnett
<i>Secretary</i>	Louise Peed
<i>Treasurer</i>	Ruby Pulliam

Roll

Lula Gray Baker	Lela Hadley
Lois Bass	Jessie Horn
John Bass	Margaret Jackson
Pansy Blanton	Maggie Jones
Maud Bray	Cassie Kelly
Naomi Booe	Mae Knott
Ruth Booe	Ruby Loftin
Jewell Ballard	Miss Janie Lacy
Ruth Barnes	Mrs. Lacy
Georgie Bumpass	Katherine Marley
Maud Baity	Willie Phillips
Amanda Cobb	Ruby Pulliam
Pauline Cobb	Myrtle Pass
Gertrude Cromartie	Louise Peed
Julia Cornelius	Blanche Royall
Nora Dixon	Lucy Rowe
Cora Ferebee	Mary Simmons
Ruby Fagge	Azile Sandling
Pattie Fleetwood	Grace Short
Clara Gibson	Janie Shotwell
Lucy Green	Fannie Wortham
Miss Frances Green	Miss Whichard
Ethel Godfrey	Eugenia Woody
Hallie Gibbs	Sara White
Bessie Hester	Olive White
Kent Hodnett	Breta Noel
Elizabeth Hancock	Mrs. Twitty





The Gleam

PART I.

A storm was low'ring, but as yet the wind
Was still and sullen; far across the moors
Gray mists clung to the earth, and all was still,
Save for the weeping heard in Craigyllyn,
And all the night sent up a mournful cry
Of weeping for the Earl of Craigylln.

And Constance, only daughter of the Earl,
Moaned in her sorrow as she saw the death
That hovered o'er him, like a shrouding pall
Making him gray; and then her piercing sobs
Were hushed, as when within the woods of song
All music dies before the bird of prey.
And even then the dying Earl had turned,
And bending low she caught the trembling words:
"Send for Sir Kenneth; I would ask a boon
Of him, and bid him haste to come to me,
For with the going of the night I go."
He ceased, and at his bidding Constance went
To speed the messenger; and then returned
To keep the vigil by her father's side.

The night paced on, and now the storm swept down
Relentless in its fury as the Death
That preyed upon the Earl of Craigyllyn.
And black the night closed down o'er Craigyllyn,
And wild the wind made moan o'er Craigyllyn.
And on the wind a cry once rose and fell
That awed the frightened servants and they shrieked:
"Hark! 'tis the Phantom Voice! the Phantom Voice!
That's only heard when Death is in the house."
And still the Lady Constance kept her watch
Thro' all the horrors of that night of Death,
List'ning and hanging on the words of love
That fell from lips whose theme had ever been
Only of love.

And while the maiden knelt
Enshrouded in her grief, along the East
A light sprang out to mark the day's advent:
And red rose colors gleamed upon the wall,
And then a sound like music softly played
In a far distance, roused her from her grief;
And strangely soothed, she lifted up her eyes
And saw Sir Kenneth standing in the light,
Like a young God of Dawn: and seeing him thus
The maiden loved him in that first swift glance.
Bending o'er the Earl she called his name,
And whispered that Sir Kenneth stayed for him;
And when the Earl made sign she slipped apart.

"A boon, Sir Kenneth, in your father's name,
In memory of the time I saved his life.
And as you loved him, grant me now my boon:
And this shall be that you will wed my child,—
The child I love beyond all else on earth.
And I would see her as your happy wife
Before I die." Swift made the knight reply:
"In my dead father's name I grant the boon."
And there the vows were made in sight of Death;
And Love and Death were both in that dim dawn,
And Love ruled Death.

The Lady Constance looked
Upon her husband's face e'en as a god's
Before whose shrine she knelt since that first time
When, in the sight of Death, she saw the light
Gleam out to glorify her bridal morn,
She gave him her whole heart.
Time with his sickle cut the summer days,
And left the red rose paling in her bloom,
Knowing that death was near. And now the Thought
That long had burned within the young knight's soul
Seemed to o'errule all else, e'en as a star
The first to gleam upon the evening's brow
Rules all the world; and so the young knight's soul
Stirred strangely.

Since the hour when, yet a boy,
He had been knighted for some kingly deed,
E'en in that moment he had seen the Gleam
And vowed to follow it through all his life,—
So visioned in his soul it still remained,
A Something that had led him on great quests,
Across strange waters and through distant lands:
And sometimes when he did a noble deed
The Gleam seemed nearer. All these days the knight
Longed but to follow on. His soul was stirred
When sunset in the West was dreaming out
The day's last love of light.

And while the knight
Was ever kind to her, and would have died
In any knightly manner for her sake,
Yet Constance knew his love for her was not
As hers for him: she trusted that her love
Speaking from her full heart would win his own.
Yet often there would flit across his face
A shadow, and some vague disquietude
Would leave him silent. Constance then would use
The sum of all her little love enticements.
Sometimes the shadow lifted from his face,
And breathing the dark glory of her hair,
And seeing the soft eyes all mist-suffused
With love for him, he would forget all care.
And sometimes when he gazed on the pure face
He felt a throb of something strangely sweet,
And tho' he knew it not its name was Love.

Often in these days he thought upon
A vision that before his birth appeared
Unto his mother: And the vision was
That Lady Kenneth, waking from her sleep,
Heard a low sound as soft-tuned viols make;
That sinking in the vast heart of the night
Brought forth the light which flooded all the room;
Out against the light fair forms arose
And grouped themselves about the lady's bed:
And Wealth spoke: "Lady, if I touch the child
He shall have riches always as he wills."
And Fame came after her: "If I but touch
The child, his name shall be the sign at which
All people shall applaud." Then Wisdom spoke:
"Let me but touch the child and he shall wear
The Crown of Knowledge." Then the voice of Love:
"Let me but touch the child and all his life
I, Love will walk with him." The last one came:
"Let me but touch the child and all through life
His eyes shall see a light which men see not,

And it shall lead him on to deathless quests,
And none shall know the meaning of the Gleam,
And it shall be the Gleam of the Ideal."
And Lady Kenneth prayed her touch the child.

And then, one night
The Gleam appeared before him in his sleep
And burned his soul, so that when morning came
He rose, resolved to tell his lady all
And seek the Gleam. For to the young knight bound
By such a vow, all men and women were
But phantoms, and to him the Gleam alone
Was as a dream of something far beyond
The sweetness of the world.

Where Constance stood
Among the roses, there he sought her out
And told her all: the maiden heard him through
Without a word, the thought breaking her heart
That he would go and with him all the light.
Could she live on when he would not be near?
Could roses live, the sun-god turned away?
Standing thus and thinking on the blank
That would be life without Sir Kenneth's face,
The Lady Constance had a thought which sent
The thrilling happiness back to her heart,—
That she, disguised as page, would go with him,—
"And then I shall watch o'er him and no harm
Can pierce the Cloak of Love, and he will learn
To love me unawares." Thinking these things
She gave him gracious leave to seek the Gleam,
Saying but this: "My lord, if so it pleases,
My father had a page whom I could wish
Might go with you upon this lonely quest;
So full is he of love and gentleness
That I would fear no harm for you with him."

Full courteously her husband heard her wish
And on the morrow morn forth fared they two,
He, in white armor, dreaming of the Gleam,
And she, as simple page, and dreaming only
Of love, all love.

PART II.

Time has flung many shades
Across the dial-hand since that bright morn
When Constance rode from Castle Craigyllyn
Disguised as page, and by her husband's side
She wandered far in her great love for him.
And many noble deeds and wrongs were righted
By Kenneth, as he followed where the Gleam
Led on. And now sometimes it seemed the Gleam
Was very near, and lighted up his face
With a strange fire which was at once so bright
That Constance often felt a fear of him.

And in these days the maiden only lived
To love him: yet her love was not as when
She saw him that first time, but rather as
The worship one accords a glorious star,
Knowing the distance and the reachlessness,—
Too deep for words, too deep for any change.
In those first days she journeyed on with Hope
And musing, "He will love me," she had fared
Far on into the land of happiness.
But now she knew his heart was in the Gleam,
And knew he only lived to follow it.
She gave her love nor sought aught in return
Save to do service for the One Beloved.

And so the days sped on and Constance came
To think on her deceit that sprang from love:
To wonder if her lord would love her more
Or less for it. At length the thought became
So troublesome to her that she resolved
To tell Sir Kenneth of the love-deceit,
And, telling it, to make it seem as if 'twere
Her sister who had thus deceived her lord;
So Constance thought not to reveal herself
In telling it, until she knew her lord
Would hear it kindly.

Then upon a night
When riding by her husband's side, she saw
The climbing moon wax full, and heard the stars
Singing the joy of love, she broke the silence
And told the story of her heart's great love
As 'twere her sister's: how she left her home
And journeyed by her lord's side as a page.
And ceasing she made bold to ask her lord
His thoughts of it: if it had been his lady
How he would hold it. Thinking naught of pain
She waited for his answer, while her heart
Went singing with the stars; for so she thought
He'd love her more when she revealed herself
And proved her love for him.

And then his voice
Stirred strangely in the moonlight when he said,
"I cannot understand such love as this:
Methinks what you call love were but a passion
Unholy, and best nailed upon the cross.
And should my lady thus forget herself
She ne'er could be to me as one to love—
My wife—but rather as the simple page
Whose place she filled."

His voice ceased and the night
Grew black with pain, as when some heavy cloud
Weighted with all heav'n's and all earth's sobs
Shuts out the light: so Constance said no word.
It was as sometimes when a storm-swept sea
Lifts up the foaming waves beneath the keel
Of some frail bark and dashes it against
The sudden rocks, and then for a swift space
The ship is poised,—confounded, ere the waves
Close o'er its grave; so Constance thus was calm;
Blind with the pall of tears that would not flow
She lay all night not knowing what to do.
Only one thought swept through her darkened soul,—
She could bear all in silence if she knew
His scorn did not touch her.

Then when the dawn
Rose gray above the world, into the midst
The Lady Constance went without a word,
Without a murmur made against the one
Whose words had swept the harp-strings of her soul
And left them mute—all mute—with unwept woe.

And going forth alone she saw the East
Break with the glimmer of another day,
And then a light sprang from the tinting rifts
And fell upon a monastery gray
That lay before her. Lady Constance thought
How mocking all the pleasures of the world

Would be to her: whence consolation comes
She sought it at the foot of Jesus' Cross,
And laid upon the bosom of the Virgin
All her sad heart.

For many months she lay
Struck down by fever in a sweet oblivion,
Ere life came back; then at the shrine of prayer
The frozen depths of grief were broken through
And tears fell fast upon the Virgin's feet:
Seeing her sorrow all the pious nuns
Loved her and took her to their gentle hearts.
And then, at last, the healing hand of Time,
And constant prayer, brought calmness back to her;
And there was born within her sadden'd soul
A peace she never knew in happier days.

And though her love changed not, and oft she saw
In dreams alone the face she loved beyond
All faces upon earth, yet now her thoughts
Turned to the great Beyond, and Love was there!
And in the Shade Love threw across the Glass
She saw the meaning of Eternity.

Sir Kenneth, ever following the Gleam,
Gave but a passing thought to the strange tale
Told by the little page on that last night,
Nor missed the blue-eyed page whose life had been
So close to his that when the bond was cut
Her lips had only formed a prayer for death.
And with the Gleam enshrined deep in his soul
He made his life immortal with great deeds,
And wore the coronet of nobleness.

When to the monastery oft there came
Rumors of noble deeds done by Sir Kenneth
A pale, fair nun rapt in her orisons,
Poured out her heart in fervent prayer for him;
And though Sir Kenneth knew not that his name
Was breathed in all her prayers, yet thus he was
Made strong and pure to follow on the Gleam,
O'ershadowed as he was with her great love
Made purer by her tears and constant prayers.

WILLIA LOUISE CLIFTON

By Way of the Bridge

SINCE it is the privilege of all authors to open their story in an inn, where travelers meet and display their personality without restraint or ceremony, it would seem especially suitable that this privilege should be taken advantage of when the scene is laid during the old days of Merry England.

Just across the Thames from London the Tabard Inn was situated at Southwark. Here, a score of years before, Harry Baillie had directed the famous band of pilgrims to Canterbury. There was the same square courtyard, and standing in the door of the inn was a jolly round-faced landlord waiting to greet a new-comer who had just given his horse into the care of the hostler.

The traveler, a young man some twenty years of age, wore a broad hat and a long, heavy cloak over his coat of mail. A sword hung at his side and he carried a riding-whip in his hand. With a jaunty air of self-possession he entered the inn and joined a lively group who were drinking ale and telling the most appalling tales of the Black Death, a horrible disease which had lately been devastating the entire country.

"How now, Prince Henry? Tell us how the peace was made with France," one of the men exclaimed to the knight. After drinking a glass of ale Prince Henry of Leicester gave them a detailed account of the late battles in the Hundred Years' War.

"Go you to Cambridge to join the Knights of the Garter in their search for Lady Dorothy?" a large jolly-looking man asked.

"Ay, and to my mind that abduction is connected with the revolt of the peasants," Prince Henry answered. With several other remarks Prince Henry, having secured a fresh horse and inquired the nearest route to Cambridge, waved them a friendly farewell and began his journey. Riding out of the courtyard he went past the fields, gardens, and round wooden buildings, and soon reached the old stone bridge that spanned the Thames and separated London from Southmark.

Leaving the city he went for some distance through a large forest, the home of wild animals, and by the close of the day he had reached a vast stretch of land near Cambridge. A cold north wind had begun to blow and already the earth was well covered with a blanket of white. Snow continued to fall, but the moon, as if to beckon him onward, began to peep over the edge of the forest and to play hide-and-seek behind a bank of gray clouds. The forest became thicker and denser and the scream of some wild animal was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night.

As he rode Prince Henry was forming plans for the discovery of Lady Dorothy. Several years ago he had seen her and had been so much attracted by her unusual beauty and charm that he had followed her to Berkeley Castle.

There his attentions were repulsed because of an ancient feud between his father and the Earl. Unmindful of this discouragement Prince Henry was now going back to join in the search for Lady Dorothy. By this act he hoped to gain the good-will of the Earl.

As Prince Henry entered the town of Cambridge it presented a bustling appearance. It had been many years since the quiet old town had witnessed such excited groups, with such eager tongues, as thronged it now. The streets were filled with knights and nobles, and after going to the inn to make preparations, Prince Henry joined the throng. Well-mounted and gallantly attired in his embroidered surcoat he galloped down the street, his armor flashing back the sunshine, his silver-sheathed sword suspended by a bright sash, and his stainless shield and heavy spear carried by an attendant. Followed by his companions Prince Henry went to Berkeley Castle where the knights were to assemble before beginning the search. They found the castle thronged with nobles and barons who were paying homage to the Earl.

After making a tour of the castle and grounds Prince Henry found no clue with which to begin, but a partially concealed path across a bridge attracted his attention and he determined to lead the search in that direction.

The outer wall of Berkeley Castle inclosed about five acres of land and in the center of this inclosure was the castle itself, which was an enormous structure of magnificent buildings surrounding an inner court. An immense keep formed the citadel of the castle. The external wall overlooked a large lake across which a stately bridge had been constructed, and over this bridge a path almost hidden by trees and shrubbery wound into a wood back of the lake. It was this path that had attracted Prince Henry's interest and after observing the features of the country from the highest tower of the castle he assembled his followers, crossed the bridge and soon came out on the King's Highway. Reaching a dark road which gave no evidence of use he followed the path and presently saw an old tumbled-down house.

No signs of life were present and Prince Henry decided to divide the party, thus searching a larger part of the country. Going through the thick growth of trees he met a small boy, apparently badly frightened, and hurrying in the opposite direction. But at the call of the Prince he stopped and with many backward glances of fear stood panting for breath.

"Well, my child, whom are you running from?" asked the Prince.

"O, sir; I can't tell—for if I do the young lady will be killed and me too," whispered the boy.

"What lady, and where?" urged the Prince, grasping the child's arm with such a grip that he almost screamed.

"The one back at the old hunting-lodge, where the black-looking man has carried her," answered the child. "But O, sir; will they kill me?"

"No, my child; but you must speak calmly and tell the whole story."

It was soon told. A few days before, the boy had been there at the old house in the forest and a beautiful lady had ridden past him on a large black

horse. Some time afterwards the boy heard angry voices, and running in the direction of the disturbance saw two powerfully-built men leading the lady toward the lodge. He followed them for some distance but was observed and was threatened with ill if he should reveal what he had seen. Curiosity had overcome him, and on that morning he had gone again to the lodge.

With his whistle Prince Henry summoned his followers and within twenty minutes they were at the hunting-lodge. This proved to be an old house which had fallen into decay from disuse, not having been inhabited since the death of the Earl's grandfather.

Stealthily advancing to the window Prince Henry stood within sight of his foes, himself unseen. It was the twilight hour of a day early in March and a large fire had been kindled on the old stone hearth. Around this about ten men were stretched their full length; they were armed but their minds were locked in sleep. Prince Henry, with his heart beating almost audibly with indignation, recognized Lady Dorothy, her hands and feet bound, seated near the center of the room. Two guards armed with large clubs walked up and down in front of her.

At the sound of the bugle the slumberers, with loud oaths, sprang to their feet. Man after man sprang into the room and threw himself upon the enemies. At first, the attacked party made no attempt at flight, but fell where they stood until only two remained, and these after a moment's hesitation turned and fled.

The rescuing party with Lady Dorothy were soon back at the castle. There all was excitement and joy over her rescue. The mystery of her disappearance was explained in the following way: Having wandered down the path to the bridge, and on into the woods, in search of the first messages of Spring, she was awaiting her attendant and horse when she heard her father's name mentioned by someone in passing. Thinking nothing of this incident she was soon on the highway, where she became separated from her servant. On the road toward the old lodge she heard angry voices, and saw two ugly-looking men who were eagerly discussing the Earl. They were both peasants and judged themselves badly abused in the late revolt. The matter of a severe vengeance on the Earl was being considered. She had attempted to steal away unnoticed but the cracking of a fallen twig had attracted the men, and perceiving their danger they had taken her prisoner.

Prince Henry had supposed that the Earl's gratitude to him would be paid by a cancelling of old feuds, but the Earl had a different idea. On the following morning he summoned the Prince to meet him and offered to reward him substantially, but vowed that he would give his daughter to no son of John Leicester. Greatly disappointed but nevertheless determined not to lose hope, Prince Henry, to all outward appearances, abandoned the suit. He was too noble-hearted to urge his claim for Lady Dorothy when he felt that her regard for him was only through gratitude.

Consequently he prepared to leave for London on the following day. But an unforeseen event happened which delayed his departure. As he was strolling

along the bank of the lake, over which the bridge had led him to success, he heard voices, and running in the direction of the sound he saw a powerfully-built man struggling with the Earl. As he neared the place the Earl was dragged toward the bank and hurled over into the smooth waters.

Then began a struggle in the mind of the Prince, for in the event of the Earl's death he was free to claim Lady Dorothy. But only a moment he hesitated and then plunged into the water. After several efforts he again appeared with the limp body of the Earl and climbed to the bank where he finally succeeded in reviving him. The peasant who had made the attack on the Earl had disappeared, and all efforts to trace him were fruitless.

With the aid of the summoned servants, Prince Henry soon succeeded in getting the Earl back to the castle. The plunge which he had taken seemed to have opened his mind to more just views. He was kinder to the Prince, and during the day seemed to be struggling with some thought. That evening he sent for the Prince, and as he entered the room where the Earl reclined on a couch the Prince saw a strange smile steal over the countenance of the old man.

"Prince Henry," he said, "I have been thinking of the year when your father and I, after years of childhood spent together, let a silly dispute over land separate us for a lifetime. My pride was too great and I desire to atone. Find Dorothy and tell her what I have told you."

With a murmur of thanks Prince Henry hastened toward the garden, where he found Lady Dorothy. She went to meet him and inquired about her father. He led her back through the garden and asked her to walk with him to the bridge which had twice led him to success.

It was the sunset hour, and far across the lake the sun was tingeing the waves with gold. The hills and trees threw dark shadows across the water, and the gloomy castle, with its covering of ivy, formed a sombre back-ground. In the distance could be heard the clanging of the massive keep, and this with the echoes of vesper bells added a faint touch of life to the evening stillness.

As they walked toward the enchanted bridge Prince Henry was telling Lady Dorothy of his reconciliation with her father. This led him to speak of his search for her, and as he finished his story, going from jest to earnest, he added, "And now this is, indeed, a Pyrrhian victory unless you let me retain my conquest."

"Well, by right of conquest——" she began.

But Prince Henry interrupted her. "Not by right of conquest, Dorothy, nor through gratitude. This must be by right of love."

Turning, as if by common consent, they walked back over the bridge and up the path in the fading light of the sun, but it was to them as though the "golden radiance were the radiance not of the sunset but of the dawn."

RUBY FAGGE

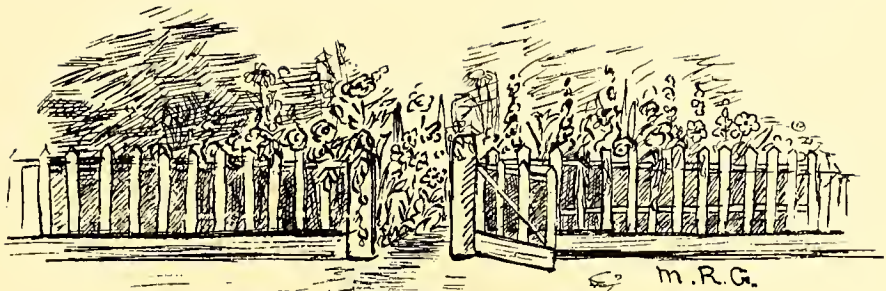
Spring Song

Let's away to the Green where the shadow-clouds play !
The West winds are blowing old cares far away.
 So we'll offer a truce to grim old Pain,
 And join in Sir Robin's glad refrain;
 For April is making all golden the Lane..

The pink on the apple, the faint perfumes
Wafted from millions of sun-kissed blooms,—
 Oh! Nature is clothed in Love's own sheen;
 And lovers are loitering a-down on the Green,
 And waiting thee, April, with kisses, I ween.

A rose on the thorn, a song in the air,
My heart is light and the world is fair;
 And Fancy is swaying her mystic wand.
 I wait on the borders of Fairyland,
 As Love and April come hand in hand.

W. L. C.



Forgetfulness

Ah! sweet, do you mind the garden,
The heart-garden made for you,
With its treasured hours of scented flowers,
And hedged with forget-me-nots true?
Dear little forget-me-nots true!

Ah! sweet, there were myriads of roses
Breathing and dreaming of you;
And love-in-a-mist by lovers kissed,
And rosemary touched with dew.—
Faint rosemary touched with dew!

Ah! sweet, there is death in the garden,
And nothing to love and to bless;
And I lay me low where the poppies blow,
And pray forgetfulness,—
Vacant forgetfulness!

WILLIA LOUISE CLIFTON





A SCENE FROM "TOMMY'S WIFE," PRESENTED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS

Chaucer's Pilgrims

(Enter Old Bell)

He was a verray parfit gentil KNIGHT:
At mortal batailles hadde he bene fiftene.

With him ther was his sonne, a young SQUYER,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrye;
He was a lord full of fat and in good point.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSON of a town.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESS,
That of her smyling was ful simple and coy.
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.

A good WYF was ther of bisyde Bathe,
In felaweschip wel coude she laughe and carpe

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That un-to logik hadde longe y-go:
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.















The Benedictine Monk

THE Benedictine monk was very, very tired. He was by no means a strong man, and much of the heavy work had fallen to his lot that day. Slowly he plodded along from the swamps to the monastery, and reaching his couch sank upon it in such an exhausted state that one would have thought him calmly sleeping but for the flush on his unusually pale cheeks and the mighty heaving of his chest.

As a youth this monk had led a very exemplary life. His parents were zealous in their devotion to the Church and had always hoped to see their only son become a true and pious monk. Their ambition was not worldly. They did not desire a monk with corrupt morals, such as the prevailing type in England was at that time. As for the individual most concerned, there was no sorrow or regret in his mind when he left his comfortable home to begin his discipline as a monk. He hardly realized that he was making any sacrifice at all, having at heart, as he did, the welfare of his nation; but pre-eminent was the advancement of his Maker's kingdom. He had always been taught that a limited amount of manual labor would hurt no one. At the grammar school he was studious, seeming to desire an education more than anything else. The vows required of the monks were hardly considered. Really, they seemed pleasant restrictions which would hardly be felt, so sincere was this wonderful boy.

The room in which we find the monk's couch reminded one of a dark cell. The light was admitted only by one window, and that one was not very large. The bare stone walls and painful absence of any ornamental furniture did not give one a sense of cheerfulness, but the monk noticed none of the discomfitures of his abode. His temples were throbbing, his eyes had a blank expression in them, and his pulse beat quick and hard. His feverish body now tossed to and fro as if the anguish usually allotted to a lifetime was being crowded into this hour.

Finally, in his delirium, he wandered out into a large forest which stretched away from the monastery on one side. He staggered on and on until the impetus given him by the fever spent itself and he sank in an unconscious state upon the ground. How long he might have remained in this condition is uncertain; but fortunately for him there was one who was astir early that morning, and this was a young lackey of 'Squire Moncrief, a wealthy old gentleman who lived near the monastery. Attracted by the fierce barking of his dog, and impelled by curiosity, he followed the direction of the sound and found the monk in a direful condition.

"Now it's a woful fix you're in, old man. I wager you lingered too long at the tavern." And when he recognized the monk's gown his opinion was not altered. However, when the monk's face was turned to the light the lackey saw that this man was not in a beastly state of drunkenness, but was really very ill;

but how and why he found him in the forest were mysteries, and he was anxious to solve them.

Fully acquainted with the kindnesses bestowed upon sufferers in his master's home, he hurried to get some assistance for the monk's immediate removal. His thoughts kept time to his movements, and much given to thinking aloud, he murmured: "Now I just can't understand for my life what that man was doing out in the forest when he ought to be safe at home, but I'll just tell her ladyship and she'll have the mystery cleared before anybody knows how, and I'll just leave the matter for her to settle, just as the priests tell us to leave our souls in God's care."

The monk was soon removed to 'Squire Moncrief's hospitable home and all that comfort, tender care, and the medical skill of the times could do was done to relieve him. For two long weeks he lay apparently oblivious to all around him, sometimes in a deathless stupor, sometimes tossing about as a chained mad-man might. All during this time Dolores Moncrief, the 'Squire's daughter, had been a faithful nurse, always remaining near his bedside, so that the first thing the monk saw on opening his eyes was the face of this beautiful young girl bending over him. She had been watching the changing expression on his face, and even her inexperienced eyes saw that the hard-drawn lines brought about by intense suffering were leaving, and a definiteness of purpose was shining from his eyes instead of the blank uncertainty which had previously found its resting place there.

The monk, who had never been attracted by the face of any woman, smiled at intervals in the deep, natural sleep which followed the change, as if the slight glance had conveyed very pleasant thoughts to his mind. However, when we think of the beauty of this lovely girl we do not wonder that a man, whose heart had never been touched by feminine graces, was strangely moved. No poet could do justice to those dark, bright eyes, from whose depths glowed a tender light shining sympathetically on all mankind. Her black, curly tresses fell softly around her face, outlining her girlish beauty. But perhaps the most attractive of her characteristics was her smile, which seemed to express the purity of her life.

In the meantime, a search-party from the monastery had been organized to find the monk. No one knew of his illness, and most improbable theories had been suggested for his disappearance. Great was the relief of his brother monks, therefore, when they discovered his whereabouts, and they desired his immediate removal. However, the monk's condition was so critical that Dolores and her father dismissed the matter as preposterous. They realized that disastrous results might ensue, and so kept him in their home.

Soon the monk learned all the circumstances connected with his presence here, and he realized as he grew better that the time was approaching for leaving this home where love and peace seemed the ruling monarchs. In the meantime, his admiration for Dolores had increased daily until, finally, the thoughts of recovery were intermingled with others of keenest pain. In his weak condition he was

not able to exercise any power over his emotions and let his fancies travel over an untried road which for him was very perilous. As he began to regain strength he made feeble efforts to resist the tantalizing effect of her presence. His conscience, reminding him of his duty, made him long to get within the secure walls of the monastery.

No man can imagine the suffering he experienced or the struggle always in his mind. First, the great principles which he had followed and believed all his life, his sense of truth, honor, and right, held dominion over his mind. Then the weaker man prevailed, and he thought that for Dolores Moncrief's hand he would renounce all his religious vows. This last resolve, however, could not long hold sway over the mind of one who had been so carefully instructed as to his duty. And when the reaction came, as it always did after each reckless resolution, terrible were the penalties he suffered.

One morning, as Dolores busied herself in the room of the sick man, adding here and there the dainty touches which made it so inviting, the monk watched her every movement. The struggle between love and duty raged fiercely until the passion of love overwhelmed him. In his weak physical condition he felt helpless to resist the temptation of renouncing all religious principles and winning beautiful Dolores. Just at that moment she took up some flowers from the table and moved softly from the room. His feeble but passionate "Dolores, O, Dolores," were not heard by her to whom they were addressed.

When the hour at which Dolores usually read to him came she did not immediately appear, but when she came in her hand was a beautifully bound volume which she had selected, thinking that the monk would especially enjoy it, for it was a story of two brothers of his own calling.

If the monk had thought he would not like to listen to reading this morning he was mistaken, for the beautiful accents of Dolores added untold charm to the context, and the monk found himself giving all the attention of which his scholarly mind was capable. It contrasted the life of two monks who were brothers. Both had loved; one had broken all monastic vows, while the other had remained devoted and faithful to his work. The contrast was strongly brought out—the friendliness, sorrows, misfortunes, anguish, and remorse of one; the gentle, happy, and useful life of the other, so well-beloved in the monastery and in all the parish where he was known.

When the reading had been finished the monk's resolve was changed, and almost peremptorily he bade Dolores send a message for him to the monastery. It contained only these words: "Send for me at once; I am well enough to be removed." Back to the monastery he was carried, for he dared not remain near this idol of beauty and goodness.

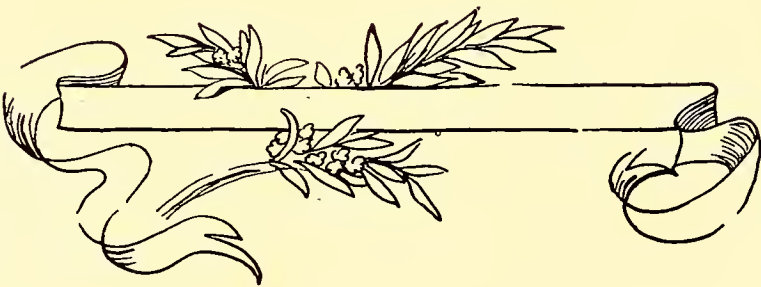
As for beautiful Dolores, she seemed innocently unconscious of the unrest she was causing. She acted only naturally. Perhaps she had heard of the piety of this monk, and no thought of loving him ever entered her mind. At least,

from her attitude toward him, he certainly had no incentive to hope. There were many worshippers at her shrine, and before many years had elapsed she married a man well deserving his fair bride.

After his return to the monastery the monk went to a priest, confessed his sin, and began a prescribed course of treatment for the absolution of his soul. So rigorously did he persecute himself that there was danger that his feeble health would not stand the test; but he survived and led afterward a life crowned with kindly deeds. His conscience had been freed from a heavy burden and this relief was medicine for his body as well as for his soul.

No one ever guessed the real cause of the kindly, compassionate aid and ready sympathy which the monk never refused to anyone. No one knew of this episode in his life which led him to know more of mortals, and thus to make his criticisms more lenient than his early rigid ideas would have allowed. His experience had not left him bitter and full of disgust with himself and the world at large; he thought of his sorrow as a temptation to which he had almost yielded but which he had eventually overcome. Those who knew him thought that his life had always been quiet and uneventful, and the secret was kept locked in his own memory.

RUBY B. PULLIAM



The Princess

GIVEN BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF OXFORD SEMINARY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GAMA — Father of the Princess.....RUBY PULLIAM

ARAC TWIN BROTHERS	} Sons of Gama	{	LYDIA YATES
MYRTLE RENN			
LUCY GREEN			

THE KING—Father of the Prince.....JOHN BASS

THE PRINCE—Lover of the Princess.....KENT HODNETT

FLORIAN	}—Friends of the Prince.....	RUTH WHARTON
CYRIL		RUBY FAGGE

IDA — The Princess, and Head of the College.....MAMIE ROYSTER

BLANCHE } —Ladies of the Court and Tutors in the College { SALLIE MAE SNIDER
PSYCHE } { MARY LEE LYLES

MELISSA — Daughter of Lady Blanche.....LOUISE FEED

GIRL STUDENTS, COLLEGE PORTRESS, WOMAN POST, WOMAN GUARDS, HERALDS



"SCENE FROM THE PRINCESS"

Soliloquy of the Old Bell

ACT II—Scene 3—

(Enter Old Bell)

To ring or not to ring; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis finer in my metal to endure
The insults of electrical oppression,
Or to lift up my clapper against this sea of silence
And by my sounding end it? To rest,—to sound
No more:—and by a silence to end
The rusting and the thousand natural jars
That bells are heir to,—'tis sure a silence
Devoutly to be wished. To rest, to stop,
To quit, but interruption — that's the trouble,
For even in that deep silence why should not
The proud usurper start its buzzing
In my ear? That's the thought which makes me still hang
on to the rope.

For who would bear this ever-changing weather,
The pulls and jerks of unseen hands,
The President's scorn, Electricity's comparison,
When keeping still would end them,
But for the fear of the Oppressor's sounds
Would even then wake up my sleep?
Better bear them here than there.

(Electric bell rings)

Soft, you now! The fair Electra; Wretch,
in thy buzzing
Be all my strokes remembered.



Athletics at Oxford Seminary

OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

RUTH WHARTON.....	President
RUBY FAGGE.....	Vice-President
KENT HODNETT.....	Treasurer and Secretary..

During the history of Oxford Seminary there has always existed an Athletic Association. This body is duly organized and has for its aim the physical development of its members as well as recreation from class-room duties. This organization receives the hearty approval of both President and faculty, and is in every way encouraged in its work, all realizing that mental development without physical will, in the end, amount to very little.

For some years enthusiasm seemed to be waning, but in the year 1909 the Association aroused itself from its inactivity and assumed new life. The members were divided as follows: those who were strong took part in the more vigorous exercise of basket-ball, while the others joined the Tennis Club.

Heretofore there existed only two teams of basket-ball, the "Reds" and the "Whites," but in the Year of the Awakening there were organized class teams, and this change aroused a great spirit of rivalry.

The most eventful day in the history of the Association was Thanksgiving Day of the year 1909, when the Seniors and Freshmen met to combat. Even before the ringing of the rising-bell the inmates of the Seminary were aware of the fact that something unusual was on foot; the very air itself was vibrating with excitement. After the morning meal groups of girls were gathered in the halls and galleries and in the recitation-rooms talking excitedly, the Freshmen attended by their sister Juniors, the Seniors by the Sophomores.

The basket-ball court was decorated in the colors of the two teams, and the old baskets draped in the bright colors seemed to bear themselves more proudly in the autumn breeze and to anticipate the coming game, eager even, to assist their captains in gaining the goal. Our loyal President wore the colors of both sides, though at heart he was in sympathy with the Freshmen who had so recently left their "mamas."

Even before the hour appointed the spectators had assembled, and as the players made their appearance such cheering greeted them as inspired all to do their best. The whistle blew; all was silent; the ball was tossed into the air and the first score was made by the Freshmen. At the end of the first half the Seniors were ahead.

Again, at the sound of the whistle, all was silent, and then it was that the Freshmen took up their work with renewed vigor and made a good fight. At the critical moment, when the game was increasing more and more in enthusiasm, time was called by the umpire, the score being twenty-two to fourteen in favor of the Seniors. Then long and loud did the Sophomores sing:

“Then shout aloud for green and white,
And sing Seniors with all your might!
Hurrah for Green, Fagge, Mary Lee,
Pulliam, Wharton and Victory!”

At the noon meal, around a table decorated in green and white, loaded with a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, sat twelve happy Seniors, presided over by their honorary member, Miss Taurman, and their ever faithful friend, Miss Buxton. As the meal progressed and coffee was served, Miss Buxton arose and proposed a toast to the Senior team. Then Miss Wharton, captain of the victorious ones, gave a toast to the Freshmen. This was replied to by the quick-witted, spunky little Freshmen who knew how to bear a defeat like the brave Spartans.

L. L. G.





IN MEMORIAM

FANNIE ROBARDS HOUSE

DIED SEPTEMBER 21, 1909

☞ Memory brings to me a vision of summer beauty, the face and form of lovely FANNIE HOUSE, the glow of vigorous health on every feature, her step elastic, her port graceful and dignified, her eye radiant with innocent mirth, her whole being the impersonation of beautiful youth looking out upon a beautiful life of hope and love.

☞ Her heart was kind and true, her character pure and upright, marked by reverence for age, tender obedience to parents, love for brothers and sisters, sympathy for friends, good will for all, sincere and unaffected piety.

☞ That lovely form is held in the cold embrace of the grave, but the pure spirit is in the keeping of the Divine Friend who spake to the sorrowing sisters at Bethany the marvelous words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

☞ Witness, later, the Apostle's words to the Thessalonian Christians lamenting that their dead would not see the coming of the Lord: "I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Therefore, comfort ye one another with these words."

MARY A. LACY



Senior Basket-Ball Team

Colors—Green and White

Flower—Lily of the Valley

Yarry one, yarry norry,
Yarry two 'pun top o' torry,
Yarry three piled up to gorry,
Yarry, Yarry,
Seniors!

Captain—RUTH WHARTON

Center
Lucy Green

Goalman
Ruby Fagge

Guards
Ruby Pulliam
Mary Lee Lyles



Junior Basket-Ball Team

Colors—Yellow and White

Flower—Daisy

Te - he, te - ho, te - ho - ho - ho,—
Juniors! Juniors! They'll make 'em go!

Captain—LELA HADLEY

Centers—

Estelle Wilson
Pearl Ray

Guards—

Willia Clifton
Lucy Snyder

Goalmen—

Lottie Newton
Eunice Watson



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Colors—Yellow and Black

Flower—Black-eyed Susan

Yik, yak, yuff —
Yik, yak, yuff —
Sophomore! Sophomore!
Pretty hot stuff!

Captain—AMANDA COBB

Cora Ferebee
Naomi Booe

Cassie Kelly
Sarah Blanchard



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

Colors—Purple and White

Flower—Violet

Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle,

Sis boom bah!

Purple and white, purple and white;

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Captain—OSEE LONG

Rassie Jones

Hallie Gibbs

Azile Sandling

Margaret Jackson

Bessie Hester



TENNIS CLUB NO. 1



TENNIS CLUB NO. II.

CLUBS



“The Tidewater Tar Heels”

Flower — Magnolia

Colors — Blue and Gold

Maud Bray

Ethel Godfrey

Jewell Ballard

Lela Hadley

Amanda Brown

Margaret Jackson

Sara Blanchard

Katherine Marley

Ila Byrum

Evie Leigh Mizzelle

Gertrude Cromartie

Addie Brabble Norman

Amanda Cobb

Lucy Rowe

Cora Ferebee

Azile Sandling

Pattie Fleetwood

Minnie Stevens

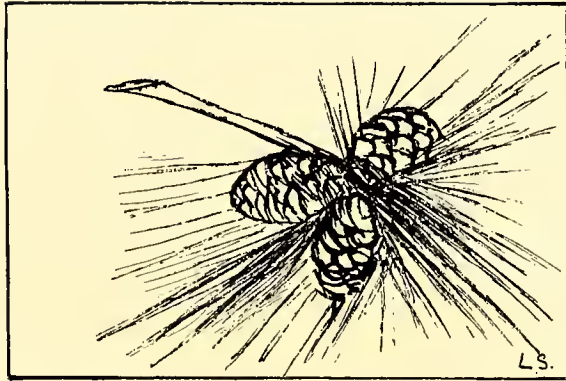
Mary Fonvielle

Eunice Watson

Clara Gibson

Member in the Faculty—Miss Whichard

CLUBS



The Old North State Midlanders

Colors — Yellow and White

John Bass
Lois Bass
Fallie Bryan
Annie Bryan
Lizzie Bumpas
Georgie Bumpas
Lucy Brassfield
Martha P. Brinkley
Sula Broughton
Lula Gray Baker
Addie Breedlove
Ruth Barnes
Pauline Cobb
Ruth Conyers
Sara Callis
Enid Council
Willia Clifton
Julia Cornelius
Mary Lee Clay
Nora Dixon
Mary Ella Dean
Goldie Farthing
Carrie Tom Farthing
Helen Frazier
Hattie Farges
Ruby Fagge
Lizzie Gill
Mary Green
Bessie Green
Elizabeth Gibson

Mary Royal Hancock
Ethel Hancock
Elizabeth Hancock
Janie Hunt
Evelyn Howell
Pearl Hunter
Foy Hester
Kent Hodnett
Hannah Howard
Lillian Hart
Margaret Jones
Rassie Jones
Virginia Jeffress
Cassie Kelly
Florence Loonam
Mary Lee Lyles
Katherine Lassiter
Osee Long
Annie Long
Marie Medford
Zeula Mitchell
Bretta Noel
Minnie Neal
Mattie Nutt
Virgie Pendleton
Annie Lou Phipps
Louise Peed
Myrtle Pass
Lois Perkinson
Willie Phillips

Flower — Honey-suckle

Christine Poole
Lucy Ragland
Eula Richardson
Mary Richardson
Grace Ransom
Carlessie Ranes
Pearl Ray
Myrtle Renn
Mamie Royster
Margaret Rogers
Sallie Mae Snider
Janie Shotwell
Ruby Strother
Gracie Short
Ruth Strickland
Myrtle Shamburger
Mary Taylor
Annie Thomas
Sara White
Olive White
Hixie White
Maude Williams
Eugenia Woody
Florence Woody
Mary Winston
Fannie Wortham
Sallie Webb
Hattie Webb
Lydia Yates

Members in the Faculty

Miss Carbut
Miss Frances Green

Miss Lettie Green
Miss Taylor

Miss Rell Robeson
Mrs. Twitty

CLUBS



“The North Carolina Mountain Lassies”

Flower—Rhododendron

Colors—Blue and Gray

Pansy Blanton

Jessie Horn

Maude Baity

Nannie Huff

Naomi Booe

Lottie Newton

Ruth Booe

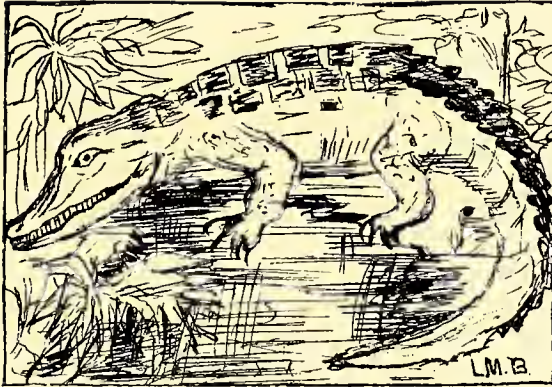
Stella Reese

Hallie Gibbs

Blanche Royall

Ruth Wharton

CLUBS



The Florida Club

Flower—Orange Blossom

Colors—Green and White

Ruby Loftin

Lillian Powell

Mary Powell

Bessie Walters

CLUBS



The Virginia Club

Flower — Arbutus

Colors—Old Gold and White

Lucy Green

Bessie Hester

Gertrude Knott

May Knott

Ruby Pulliam

Lucy Sydnor

Members of the Faculty

Miss Buxton

Miss Taurman

Mrs. Lacy

Miss Lacy

Miss Wright

The Old Mail Bag

All battered and old, in a corner it lies,
A relic of days that are past;
Half forgot in the midst of the bustle of life,
Its usefulness over at last.

A cobweb is draped o'er its worn leather sides,
Which once were all shining and new,
And dust reigns supreme — like a blanket it hides
The dear, ancient mail bag from view.

And we who have known it in days that have gone,
Gaze on it with reverent eye;
While it brings, like sweet perfume, dear memories back
Of days now forever gone by.

How often the mail bag was hailed with delight!
How often some maiden has cried:
"O, there's the mail bag! I'm morally sure
That I have a letter inside!"

And this from another: "I'd surely look in
And get out my mail, if I durst!
There's a letter from Him! Mrs. Twitty, I know,
Will keep it if she gets it first!"

Now shadowy faces smile out once again—
We see them through memory's eye —
Old "Pimp," Uncle Dave, and the others who bore
The mail bag in seasons gone by.

In calm and in storm, through the long, changing years,
It came on its mission each day,
With messages glad to make happy the heart,
Or tidings to sadden the way.

And even when tried by the flames' scorching breath,
In the midst of wild fear and alarm,
Yea, twice was it snatched from the fiery fate
And placed out of reach of all harm.

Though dust may corrupt, and the moth eat its way
Through the mail bag now battered and old,
It will always be cherished in Memory Land,
And our love for it never grow cold.

EDITH TAYLOR

Crushes

THE present generation bids fair to become famous for one thing if for nothing else. Already we have seen the rise and spread of two dreadful diseases — Pellagra and the Hook-worm disease; and right now we may see another one beginning to ravage the fair youth of our land.

In seriousness, this one is a strong rival of either of the others, and in peculiarity of symptoms it far surpasses either. Many physicians are beginning to investigate the disease, and some have already completed their investigations. These physicians agree in the main points, and some of these points will be given below.

"Crushes" is a disease beginning to be prevalent in boarding-schools, particularly in girls' schools. It attacks the older girls and the younger girls alike, and has been known to attack instructors. In fact, it is no respecter of persons. Natural immunity from the disease has been heard of, but is generally found among people who would be too selfish to give anyone measles. Such people come of a long line of self-sufficient ancestors, whose social instincts have been slightly developed, and who get very little pleasure out of intercourse with their fellowmen. Acquired immunity is possible but not very probable. It takes a not-yet-ascertained number of attacks to insure the immunity for any length of time, and even then susceptibility to the disease is liable to return in second childhood.

It has been established beyond doubt that "crushes" is a germ disease. In fact, the *bacillus crushiosus* causing it has been isolated, and grown on artificial culture media such as gelatin broth and blood serum. It is a slender, rod-like structure from 1 to 12 microns in length. Strange to say, one of these structures is not a complete individual. It finds its complement, as it were, in another bacillus practically similar in appearance, and this second bacillus never exists in the same girl with the first. The results brought about by the two kinds of *bacilli crushiosi* are essentially the same, and peculiar symptoms develop in the two individuals who contain the complements of each other's bacilli. The toxin produced by the bacillus in the blood is not very violent in its action, and when fatal gives a quiet and peaceful death. Examinations have shown that the main points of attack are the heart and brain. Characteristic lesions are produced in both of these places. The hearts of the victims become unusually large and are very irregular in their actions. The effect on the brain is not so well known. The seat of hearing seems to harden to a considerable extent; the optic lobe becomes narrower, and the emotional center becomes much enlarged.

As to modes and routes of infection, the investigations do not show definite knowledge. As a rule, the bacilli are first seen in the brain and heart, and from these points reach the blood. It seems more than likely that the bacilli enter through the respiratory passages. The germs can live a long time in dust, and thus can be breathed in by people. They can be communicated from one person to another in various ways:—by kissing, embracing, and other similar processes. It has been said that ninety-five per cent. of the female population harbor some

bacilli crushiosi at some period of their existence. In this connection it would be interesting to inquire what would happen if one person were to contain the complements of the bacilli of several different people. It has been shown experimentally that the poison produced by the kind of bacilli present in largest numbers seems to neutralize all others. When several kinds of bacilli are present in equal numbers no characteristic symptoms are observed.

In regard to the susceptibility of lower animals to the disease, it may be said that the following ones have been found susceptible: cubs, kittens, pigeons, and turtle-doves. Several others have been inoculated but have been found peculiarly resistant. Such are mules, donkeys, and geese.

The most interesting facts in connection with the disease are yet to be told—the external symptoms, if, indeed, they may be called external. So many of them are subjective that it is exceedingly difficult for a mere observer to describe them. Strange to say, the two victims who contain complementary *bacilli crushiosi* conceive the most violent attachment for each other. When in each other's presence they are almost entirely oblivious of everything but each other. Bells ringing loudly are seldom heard. Those who are their friends under normal circumstances, are disregarded and treated with utmost contempt. A far-away look comes into the eyes, and a hesitating note into the voices. They sit for hours holding each other's hands and kissing at five-minute intervals. They frequent dark corridors, music and recitation rooms. They call each other pet names, and they write love notes to each other from four to seven times daily. They visit each other in season and out—generally out—often before rising-bell in the morning. They spend hours reading poetry together—with the book upside down. They exchange jewelry; send each other flowers and candy. If estranged for some reason, they vie with each other in seeming indifferent, but in secret weep copiously and often. A violent chill runs down the spinal column of one at sight of the other. This is the unfailing test of the presence of the germ. The duration of these symptoms varies. With some they last an indefinite length of time; with others only a few weeks.

It may be said that there is no definite method of treatment yet. Separation of the two victims often lessens the virulence of the bacilli. Fresh air and exercise alleviate the suffering. An antitoxin is being prepared from infected turtle-doves. It is to be hoped that the injection of this into the heart of the sufferer will kill the germs.

From the above facts it will be seen that the disease is a troublesome one, and one hard to combat under existing circumstances. It is becoming more prevalent every year and often blights a whole life and spoils a bright career. If something be not done to stop it it may cause us to have to eliminate boarding-schools from our system of education. In connection with every school there should be two distinct hospitals, in order that the victims may be separated and have their attentions called to common-place, common-sense affairs. We can only hope that some millionaire will endow such hospitals in the near future and enable us to combat intelligently the dreadful disease.

Mother Goose in the Seminary

Mother goose at the seminary (foundry)
Hush-a-by Zeula, in your little bed,
When examinations come you will not be dead;
When the happy May comes you will recover,
And then speed home to your dear, sweet "muvver."

Bow — wow — wow —
Whose dog art thou?
Young Dr. Hobby's dog,—
Bow — wow — wow —

Sallie Mae, Sallie Mae, where have you been?
I've been to see Miss Buxton, and shall surely go again.
Sallie Mae, Sallie Mae, what did you there?
I read my Chaucer paper and came out in despair.

A bell in the morning
Is the school-girl's warning;
A bell at night
Is the teacher's delight.

How many miles to Seniordom?
Four score miles and ten.
Will I get there by the skin of my teeth?
Yes; if you're living then.

Wee Miss Janie trips through the hall,
Up and down, up and down, with a knock and a call;
Tapping at the door, calling at the lock,
"Lights out, girls! for 'tis now ten o'clock."

Cry! Freshmen; cry!
Take your colors from on high.
Seniors beat at basket-ball,
But your time may come, after all.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When we go to Geometry
Our trouble begins!

The O. S. faculty had a Wright;
It also had a Green;
And everywhere the Wright one was
The Green one, too, was seen.

What are little Freshmen made of, made of?
What are little Freshmen made of?

Knowledge very lean,
And everything that's green,
And that's what little Fresh are made of.

What are young Sophomores made of, made of?
What are young Sophomores made of?

An ounce or two more
Of early Freshman lore,
And that's what young Sophs are made of.

What are big Juniors made of, made of?
What are big Juniors made of?

Envy and ambition
For a Senior's high position,
And that's what big Juniors are made of.

What are wise Seniors made of, made of?
What are wise Seniors made of?

Strength, endurance, strife,
A hard, but glorious life,
And that's what the wise Seniors are made of.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

While attending a football game at Horner's, one of the Seniors (K. H.) having observed the goals, asked if the boys really were able to jump those high poles.

Special Student to Junior: "My mother is anxious about me for fear that I will blow out the gas without turning it off. But I wrote her I wouldn't suffocate because I always open the 'little window' over my door."

Teacher: "Who said 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell,' etc.?"
Maggie Jones: "Why, Shakespeare said it."

L. P. (a second History girl): "Why, don't you know England was the first place in the world?"

As she passed Hall's Drug Store, Mrs. Twitty, seeing a large Billiken, exclaimed: "O, girls; do look at that cute little Teddy Bear!"

Miss Green: "Mary, where is the island of Cypress?"
Mary: "In the southern part of the city of Rome."

Somebody please tell W. C. that it was Moses and not Noah who was placed in the rushes.

Being asked to write a sketch of some poet, one of the third English girls chose — Captain John Smith.

Freshman: "I believe I will go down to the Laboratory and get some paint to make a valentine."

(E. G.): "Where do you practice this period, Jewell?"
(J. B.): "In No. 30."
(E. G.): "Oh! I thought you practiced on the Metronome."

John Bass: "Oh! what a pretty valentine! It reminds me of one I got last Thanksgiving."

Willia Clifton: "O, Pearl; are you going to have your pictures finished up in black 'posters'?"

A Senior, very much distressed, exclaimed, "Well, I have read Hamlet through, but I cannot see anything much in there about Macbeth!"

Lillian Powell: "O, come here, girls; I hear a band."

Mary Powell: "Hush up, Lil! That's nothing but Miss Rell beating steak for breakfast."

Evie Leigh Mizzelle wanted to know if John the Baptist wasn't King of the Jews.

Mary Simmons: "Miss Buxton, did you know that Miss Taurman has put a 'Cavalier' in the back parlor instead of a piano?"

Lydia Yates (glancing over a collection of books containing "The Little Minister"): "Oh! I wonder if I could not find one about a 'Big Minister'."

L. P.: "What kind of cake is this?"

M. L. L.: "Minnehaha."

L. P.: "Well, I thought it was some Bible name."

Mary Fonvielle (to her room-mate): "I'm going to dress fine here because I want to make an impression on this place."

Gertrude Cromartie: "Are horses and cows minerals?"

Willia Clifton: "Are you going to take physical government this spring?"

Mr. Hobgod: "Of what is water composed?"

John Bass: "Oxygen and nitrogen."

Miss Janie Lacy: "Wasn't it in 1472 that Columbus discovered America?"

Mr. Hobgood: "Something happened in 1492; what was that?"

How can a Freshman obtain an idea of an infinite amount of something?
By looking at the back of Clara Gibson's head.

Annie Long: "Alternation of generation is when an organism lives part of its life as a plant and part as an animal."

Miss Wright: "What is an amphibian?"

Zoology Student: "One that can't live on land and dies in water."

One of the girls at the Senior's play remarked that there were three more acts and then the synopsis.

Miss Wright: "Name three classes of bacteria."

Botany Student: "Some require oxygen; some do not, and some die if they have it or don't have it."

Lizzie Gill: "I declare, girls, Botany is eighty per cent. harder than Science.

Margaret Jackson, hearing a discussion of THE PHOENIX, remarked: "Is that another class?"

A girl in the Physical Geography class gave the following definition of dew: "It is little drops of water left on glass by ice-water."

Miss Wright: "What are clouds?"

C. P.: "Clouds are little molecules floating near the surface of the earth."

Evie Leigh Mizzelle (searching for the Encyclopedia): "Will somebody tell me where the Ethilopia is?"

(With apologies to Some Unknown)

Seminary maiden. Full of fun.
Horner boy. Chapter One.

Rules are broken. Letters passed through.
Tender topics. Chapter Two.

Sparkling diamond. Love will be
Ever cherished. Chapter Three.

School is over. Girl no more.
Likewise diamond. Chapter Four.

Horner boy wakens. Heart to mend.
Love next Session? NO; The End.

More Truth Than Poetry

Disciplined inaction.—Christine Poole.

Bonnie Sweet Edward is all my joy.—Lillian Powell.

This world is but a thoroughfare full of woe.—Zeula Mitchell.

I was never deep in anything—but trouble.—Margaret Rogers.

How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep.—Lulu Gray Baker.

If silence were golden I should be a millionaire.—Lizzie Gill.

Born tired, and never lost her birth-right.—Eunice Watson.

Your only labor is to kill time.—Clara Gibson.

She was as fresh as is the month of May.—Bessie Hester.

And still the wonder of it 's not complete,
That one small head should hold so much conceit.—Willia Clifton.

Such specimens as this are found
In Museums the world around.—Rassie Jones.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.—Louise Peed.

O, what a warning for a thoughtless man.—Mary Lee Lyles.

Such harmony of colors I ne'er before had seen;
The thing was red around the head, the other parts all green.
—Fanny Wortham.

Thy empty head console with empty sound.—Ruth Strickland.

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!—Evie Leigh Mizzelle.

In youth when I did love, did I love?
Methought it was very sweet.—Pansy Blanton.

O, say; what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ever enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O, tell, you "red-head boy."—Kent Hodnett.

Then be not coy, but use your time; --
And while you may, go marry.—Gertrude Cromartie.

His voice heard over the telephone
Sounds like the "Lyon's" manly tone.—Miss Frances Greene.

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.—Miss Whichard.



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RUTH WHARTON

The Busiest
EUNICE TYLER WATSON

The Vainest
WILLIA LOUISE CLIFTON

The Wittiest and Laziest
CHRISTINE POOL

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